The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 28, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Arkansas's Fight for Life

ARKANSAS, THERE SHE STANDS—withering.

Like a burgeoning tree caught by the blight, a flower scorched by fire.

Land of dusty desolation, sucked dry by the drought, rasped by the sharp edges of a cruel economic fate, her citizens destitute, hungry, and helpless.

By tens of thousands they have turned to the Red Cross for food to keep them alive, waiting in line for their ten-cents-a-day ration, a tired and bewildered people clinging forlornly to the only thing they have left—hope.

Such are the larger outlines of a composite picture drawn for us by Arkansas papers and visiting correspondents. Similar conditions prevail elsewhere in the drought area, we are told, but Arkansas is hardest hit of the twenty-two stricken States. She has been fighting—or enduring—her way through the winter, on toward spring with its promise of the new crops that will bring surcease.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where"—

This time, where men, women, and children have "lived for days on turnips, herbs, and roots, and on nuts gathered in the woods."

Wide World

"When Do We Eat?"

A group of hungry school children of El Paso, Arkansas, waiting to be fed by the Red Cross.

Thousands of undernourished children are unable to attend school because they lack food and clothing, and many of those who do attend bring empty lunch-boxes and "study" during the lunch hour.

Thousands of heads of families have been forced to "sign up" with the Red Cross, each giving three references, in order to obtain the $2 weekly food allowance granted each family, plus fifty cents for each child, the maximum being $4.50 a week.

Mules are dying of starvation, and the survivors are so weak they are unfit for work.

Meat is such a luxury that a rabbit, shot in the swamps by a lucky hunter, is called a "Hoover hog."

BUT out of that dreary waste come flashes of a humor that even such scraping misery can not kill. For instance, the correspondents give us Arkansas's recipe for a turnip sandwich—"three slices of turnip and put one in the middle."

For a glimpse of the general situation in the drought States, we borrow from an article by A. Robbins in *The Nation:*

"The outsider may find it hard to believe that hundreds of thousands of farm folk can be starving in this year of grace, 1931, but it is true, nevertheless.

"Stand in front of any Red Cross headquarters in any one of a thousand communities in the drought area and watch the ragged children, blue with cold and undernourishment, who have come to ask for clothing; anxious men, with large families, waiting to receive the disbursing order that means food for another week; frantic women begging for medical aid for babies dying of malnutrition or the many forms of disease that attack the underfed and underclothed. . . .

"Even among the small farmers who own and work their own farms, this has been a year of acute distress. The drought ruined their gardens, cut the corn crop in large areas to almost nothing, reduced the hay crop, and hurt their live stock.

"On small farm after small farm visited by the writer in several States, anxious men and women were wondering how they were going to 'get by.' That is the general expression in the drought area.

"If they can just 'get by' until spring; if they can just 'get by' and make another crop; if it will only be a good-crop year, and if prices will only be a little better so they can get enough ahead by the fall of 1931 to see them through the winter of 1931-32, they will be satisfied.

"Gone are any thoughts of new clothes, new cars, new radios; the farmers are thinking in terms of food and feed for family and stock."

TO what extremity many communities have been driven is revealed by an incident related by Russell Owen, correspondent of the New York *Times:*

"Then there is the lack of money due to bank failures. In some sections this is startling. Some children were bitten by a mad dog in an Arkansas county in which not a bank is open. Local officials said they had no money with which to get serum.

"'Are you going to let those children die?' asked a Red Cross worker.

"'Well, I don't know what we can do about it,' he was told. 'We haven't any money!'

"The Red Cross man guaranteed the money and the children's lives were saved."

HOW famine and luxury rub shoulders is related by the same correspondent in a description of Hot Springs, Arkansas, at the height of the season:

"The hotels are full, the clubs are busy, so busy indeed that

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Wide World

The Farm Breadline of Arkansas—Victims of the Drought Waiting for Red Cross Food and Clothing

the Legislature is wrought up about charges of gambling. Peacocks strut on the terraces. The shops selling souvenirs are in full swing, and at night there are auctions in the 'Oriental bazaars' where everything from stuffed Mexican birds to imitation Persian rugs is sold.

"Expensive cars roll through the streets, conveying well-drest men and women. They look curiously at the tattered and thin-cheeked men and women who come in from the hills for relief.

"Old mules, their ribs sticking out, haul dilapidated wagons up to the City Hall, where requisitions for food are issued."

"THE silver lining to the cloud of desperation is the Red Cross," writes Philip Kinsley, correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*—

"This organization, altho a little late in getting started, is doing a magnificent work in the drought sections, not only through the national organization, which has sent forty experts in relief into Arkansas alone, but through the devoted local chapters where 6,000 volunteer workers are busy carrying food and cheer into humble cabins in all the lowlands and highlands of Arkansas.

"Red Cross and State drought-relief committee workers see a long task ahead of them, a job of feeding half a million persons until the new crops come in. The number keeps increasing so rapidly that the relief directors have made no effort to estimate the peak load that they may have to carry.

"These are not an improvident people.

"They worked hard all last summer and fall on their crops, father, mother, and children toiling in the fields. Their homes are neat and shining.

"Now the last resource of their short crops is gone. The mules have wandered off into the woods to die. The children can not go to school for lack of clothes.

"The Red Cross is the last resort. And it has not failed. Many of them have contributed to it in the past. Now they know what it really means.

"As for the Negroes, they think the Red Cross is 'de good Lord' Himself, descended from a heavenly fish fry to help his poor earth-people."

SO much for the dark side of the picture. Many observers believe that the worst of the ordeal is over. Arkansas is stirring with new life. Rains have come. Planting preparations are on. The Government is pushing its relief program under the $45,000,000 feed, seed, and fertilizer appropriation. Finished at last is the Congressional battle over food loans for drought sufferers, and the compromise plan put through by the Senate and President Hoover makes $20,000,000 more available.

To hundreds of thousands of families, the Red Cross is preparing to issue seeds. April should bring the first of the 1931 crops to Arkansas. The farm laborer who was glad to work for 25 cents a day—but could find no work—is hopeful that a few more bitter weeks will bring the end of severe hardship. So are the tenant farmers, the owners, bankers, and business men.

ARKANSAS officials are working to lift the one-crop curse, to persuade farmers to plant something besides cotton that they may be at least partly self-sustaining in time of drought. In every county of the State the campaign is being pushed, we read. Here are the principles of the constructive program:

"To raise grain and hay sufficient to feed all live-stock.

"To produce meat sufficient to supply the family's needs.

"To keep enough milk cows to supply the family with an abundance of milk and butter.

"To provide health insurance in the form of a year-around garden, and to preserve any surplus of home-raised vegetables.

"To maintain a flock of at least thirty laying hens.

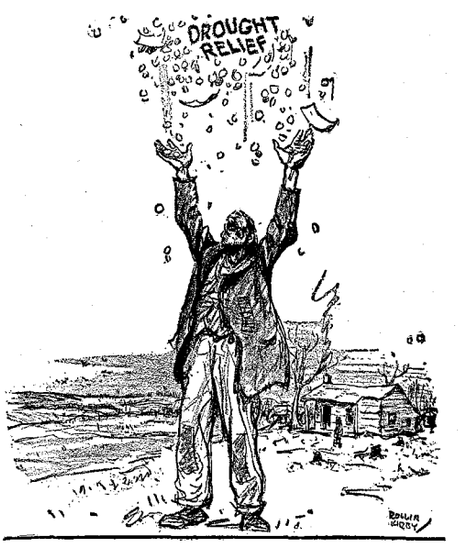
"To give increased care to home orchards, and in areas where no fruit is grown at present to plant fruit trees sufficient to supply the family's needs.

"To rebuild soil fertility by planting at least half the corn and cotton acreage to legumes and pasture crops.

"To reduce tilled acreage and apply the surplus labor to terracing and drainage.

"To inaugurate at least one home convenience, and to beautify each homestead by painting all buildings, improving farm lawns and planting flowering trees and shrubs.

"To keep a budget of clothing, to study textile problems, and to buy within the income limit."



A Shower at Last

—Kirby in the New York "World."

The Congressional food-loan fight came to an end on February 14, when both Houses passed the Interior Department Appropriation bill with the $20,000,000 loan-compromise rider, and the President signed it.

This fight, as recounted in recent issues of THE DIGEST, was between President Hoover and the Senate, with the Red Cross also involved because of its refusal to accept a $25,000,000 gift proposed by the Senate. President Hoover stood out against appropriating money for food loans, holding that it would be a "dole" and would establish a dangerous precedent.

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Why Low Wheat Becomes High Bread

"IDIOTIC."

"Asinine."

That's the bakers' retort to the Senate's bread-price inquiry.

However, the investigation was welcomed by *The Bakers' Review*, which applies these epithets, "for we feel confident that it can but do good to the industry."

But if the bakers of the country feel thus serene about the situation, many consumers do not. What with this inquiry, and our bread lines, and so much talk about the wheat-farmers' plight, the nation seems to be acutely bread-conscious. Chicago supplied a climax on February 7 by reporting a "bread riot," in which demonstrators demanded a reduction from ten to six cents.

Why does the price of a loaf stay up, when the wheat from which it is made has fallen so low?

On that question the yeast of public opinion has been working vigorously. With heat up in the Senate oven, as it were, the consumers are waiting eagerly to see if it will turn out a golden loaf or a half-baked mass of dough.

Here is the puzzle, as outlined by Walker Stone of the Washington *News:*

"A farmer can take a bushel of wheat to town and sell it for enough money to buy six ordinary 10-cent loaves of bread, with a few pennies left to jingle in his pocket.

"His bushel will grind out enough flour to produce sixty-two of those one-pound loaves. So somebody else gets the other fifty-six loaves and also the shorts, bran and other mill-feed by-products.

"What the Capper subcommittee of the Senate Agriculture Committee is trying to find out is who gets what the farmer doesn't."

SOME observers declare that the bakers will be completely cleared of any suspicion of profiteering. Others seem confident that a reduction in retail prices will result.

One of the papers which backed the Senate's inquiry, the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, tells us that—

"If evidence of price-fixing or of the existence of a baking trust is discovered, the facts will be handed over to the Department of Justice so that the Attorney-General may take such action as the Senate may recommend or he may find necessary.

"The investigation was suggested several months ago by *The Evening Sun*, when it was pointed out the price of wheat flour had dropt in proportion to the price of wheat, while there had been no reduction in the retail price of bread in many cities.

"A little later Senator Wagner, of New York, presented a resolution to the Senate, providing for an investigation into the prices of wheat, flour, and bread.

"It was promptly passed.

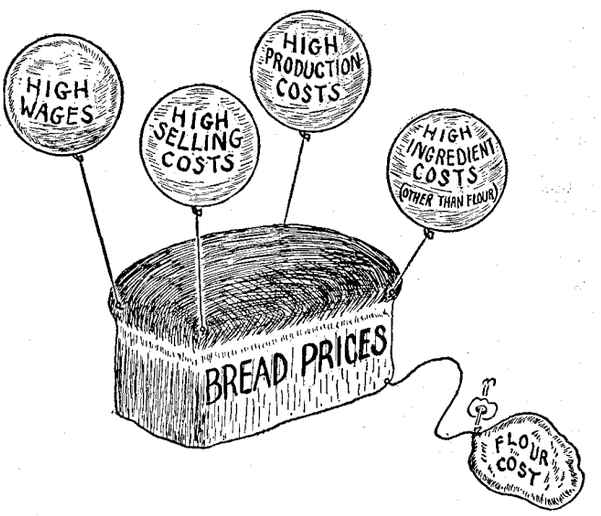
"Later other resolutions providing for investigations of the prices of meat, milk, butter, and cheese were passed and, finally, they were all combined, and the work of holding hearings was given to the committee."

SENATOR CAPPER, of Kansas, is chairman of the committee, and, continues *The Evening Sun:*

"Since the Wagner resolution was passed by the Senate, the retail price of bread in a number of cities has been reduced, so that, regardless of the result of the investigation, the Senator from New York may be credited with somewhat lowering the cost of living."

The Latest Mystery

—Shoemaker in the Chicago "Daily News."



The Reason Bread Prices Stay Up

—The "Bakers' Review" (New York).

QUESTION AND REPLY

NOW for the bakers' side. "Flour is not the all-important factor in bread-production and distribution." Paradoxical as it may seem, that is the gist of their argument.

The Bakers' Review, already quoted, points out that "the Foodstuffs Division of the Department of Commerce, in allocating costs in the making of a loaf of bread, gives the following percentages: flour, 26.7; other ingredients, 14.5; manufacture, 25.4; sale, distribution, and administration, 33.4." This journal adds:

"While it is true that the price of flour has dropt, the decline has not been great enough to justify a general lowering in the price of bread.

"From a barrel of flour a baker can turn out 300 one-pound loaves of bread, so that flour should drop $3 a barrel to justify a reduction of one cent in a loaf of bread.

"The price of wheat dropt from $1.36 a bushel in October, 1929, to around 76 cents a bushel one year later. In other words, it

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dropt one cent a pound, and it takes a pound of wheat, milled into flour, to make a pound of bread.

"Inasmuch as 300 one-pound loaves of bread can be baked from a barrel of flour, these figures would tend to indicate that flour should have been reduced $3 per barrel. However, one must take into consideration that overhead charges of milling the wheat have remained constant, making impossible any such reduction in flour prices."

Then *The Bakers' Review* quotes a startling statement from a bulletin issued by the Associated Bakers of Illinois:

"If the farmer gave his wheat for nothing, if the miller milled the flour for nothing, if the railroads hauled the wheat to the miller for nothing and then delivered the flour to your door free, it would still cost you $4.85 to make, bake, and sell 100 pounds of bread."

The Grape-Juice Mix-up

PROHIBITION ALSO makes strange bedfellows.

Behold the militant drys in accord with a militant wet.

Grape-juice brings them together, Senator Tydings of Maryland and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals.

Tho for different reasons, both are crying out against "an unjust discrimination" between the beer and grape-juice (wine) "industries."

"Permitting 20 per cent. wine and forbidding 4 per cent. beer"—that, says the Senator, is what the Government is doing. Wherefore he maintains that the brewing of 4 per cent. beer should also be legal.

Such a condition is "unjust," the drys agree, but they demand that something be done about these fermenting fruit-juices.

Now glance at other paradoxical phases of the situation.

FIRST, we are told that a California grape cooperative, which was lent approximately $20,000,000 of government money through the Federal Farm Board, is pushing the sale of grape concentrate, which, it seems to be conceded, turns into wine in sixty days.

And the attorney for this organization, Fruit Industries, Ltd., is that erstwhile Nemesis of Prohibition violators, Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, former Assistant Attorney-General.

Senator Shortridge, notes the correspondent of the New York *Times*, "asserted that the manufacture was lawful under the Volstead Law, as did Senator Smoot."

Then came the statement of the Methodist Board, in which it said that "this matter can very easily be taken care of by requiring that fruit-juices sold for consumption in the home shall be preserved in such a way as to prevent fermentation"—

"Fruit Industries, Ltd., has now developed its promotion of this commodity to the point where 'wine grape-juice' is now offered to the public under such names as 'Vine-Glo'. . . .

"The 'grape-juice' delivered by these people is contained in five- or ten-gallon kegs and, unmolested, becomes a highly intoxicating wine, containing approximately 20 per cent. of alcohol.

"'Let it alone,' say the advertisers to prospective customers, 'and in sixty days we will come around, get the keg, and bottle your "fruit-juice" free of charge.'

"It is held that this traffic is legal under Section 29 of the national Prohibition act. If this be true, Section 29 certainly should be amended."

Good-by to Nicaragua

OF THE SIX THOUSAND and more American Marines who since August, 1926, have been sent to Nicaragua, forty-two will never return.

These armed forces were sent to put down the insurrection of Augustino Sandino and his band of rebels—"bandits" they are characterized by American papers which favor intervention in Central America; "virtuous patriots" by those opposed.

The lives of forty-two Marines have been given up in the effort to capture Sandino. Twenty-seven were killed in battle; fifteen died of wounds. Sandino still goes free.

Why?

—Macauley in the Brooklyn "Eagle."

He has issued a dictum, we read in the New York *Times*, declaring it is "necessary to destroy Nicaragua" in order to save it from "Yankee intervention and adherence to hated Yankee dictates."

Now, by an agreement signed by Secretary Stimson and President Moncada of Nicaragua, of the 1,506 officers and enlisted men now there, 800 will be withdrawn at once, and by June, 1932, following the election, all will be withdrawn.

The wisdom of this step is emphasized by the larger part of the American press.

To those opposed to intervention in Central America and the Caribbean, "scores of American lives" have been sacrificed in a four years' attempt to put down Sandino—tho the "scores" are exactly twoscore lives and two. Papers like the Baltimore *Sun*, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, the Dallas *Morning News*, *The Ohio State Journal* agree that our policy has acted as an "unnecessary irritant" in that turbulent jungle which is Nicaragua.

The Sun believes with Raymond Leslie Buell that "upon the withdrawal of the United States, it is probable that Nicaragua and Sandino would quickly arrange peace terms."

On the other hand, the Detroit *Free Press* warns "those liberty-loving Americans who are unfamiliar with conditions existing in some of our smaller neighbors," not to forget "the possibility of foreign complications if we did not assume full responsibility. The policy of lending Marines to teach Nicaraguans to deal with their own affairs is probably that best calculated to satisfy all concerned."

NEVERTHELESS, editors of every variety of view commend this Central American policy of President Hoover. The Camden *Courier-Post* points out: "It was Mr. Hoover's promise that the United States would change its tactics in Central and South America, and put an end to those interferences which won us so much ill-will. In this step, as in the Haitian reforms, the President is keeping his promise."

Certain papers insist upon the imperative duty of our country to protect and develop the canal route, covenanted to the United States under the Bryan-Chamorro treaty. The Washington *Evening Star* attaches great importance to this project:

"A detachment of United States Army engineers is now surveying that route, destined some day to give us a waterway in Central America which will parallel the Panama Canal.

"It needs always to be remembered that this situation of itself, other considerations entirely aside, might at any time suggest the advisability of some form of defensive American intervention in a clime amid which sporadic unrest seems to thrive."

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New Weapons to Fight Hard Times

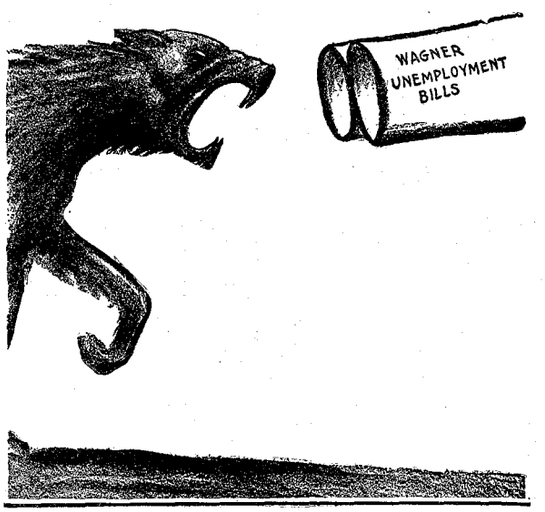
OPEN WARFARE, not an entrenched defensive, will henceforth be the national policy in fighting hard times.

We are not going to wait for the next depression; we will "go forth promptly to meet it with public building instantly begun."

Such is one newspaper reaction—as exprest by the New York *Evening World*—to the signing of the second of Senator Wagner's bills dealing with unemployment.

From all over the country come editorial congratulations to the German-born junior Senator from New York, who has for several years been pushing his program in season and out.

And President Hoover himself joins in praising this Democratic Senator for working out such "an admirable measure," tho he couples with the name of Wagner that of Representative Graham (Rep., Pa.), who sponsored the "Employment Stabilization Act of 1931" in the House of Representatives. And for the ideas embodied in the bill, the President thinks much credit should be given to Mr. Edward E. Hunt and Mr. Otto Mallery, who proposed them at the unemployment conference back in 1921.



Time to Cut Loose with Both Barrels

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch."

The bill provides for a Federal Employment Stabilization Board of four Cabinet officers. As a permanent body it will adjust Federal construction in point of time, so as to provide work on a large scale when private industry is slack. The Board will necessarily study business trends and will advise the President when a period of depression seems imminent. Congress and the various construction agencies of the Government are also given certain duties in planning construction ahead of time, each department having building to do being required to keep plans on hand for six years in advance.

The establishment of what some writers call a public-building pool, will, in Senator Wagner's opinion, "increase a hundredfold our preparedness against unemployment." Still greater will be that preparedness, adds the Senator, if our States and cities enact similar legislation. And here's a point on which dailies like the Boston *Post*, Springfield *Republican*, Syracuse *Herald*, St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and St. Joseph *News-Press* most emphatically agree.

HAD this Wagner bill been passed five years ago, the St. Paul *Dispatch* contends, "unemployment might have been checked before the cumulative effects of the processes became sizable in the winter of 1930—but then man is notoriously unable to see farther than the end of his nose." Right across the Mississippi the Minneapolis *Tribune* admits that such long-distance planning of public construction offers no "magic formula by which the nation may be returned, overnight, to economic normalcy." But it does believe it sound business to formulate a program in advance of the actual need. *The Tribune* feels certain that:

"The jobs such construction creates and the impulse it gives to a score of important industries are of very real importance in the maintenance of normal, or near-normal, conditions.

"It is sheer primer common sense to limit public construction, so far as it may wisely and practically be done, to those periods of business recession which find consumption slackening, the wheels of industry slowing up, and employment steadily falling off."

In Schenectady, where they make the locomotives and dynamos and electrical machinery, *The Union-Star* has this to say:

"The trouble with American business has generally been that there is either a feast or a famine; either plants are working overtime, paying excessive wages, or are shut down, and pay no wages at all.

"These 'peaks and valleys' which have made up business graphs for a year and more are costly. At the present moment, according to a building-report summary, hundreds of millions of dollars in new construction are pending.

"Why is there delay?

"That is one of the questions which bothers business.

"Knowing American nature, our guess is that everybody is holding back awaiting the 'bug push' when the demands of business will compel action. Then, we suppose, there will be the same feverish rush which has been experienced before, and then another slow period. This is the penalty of overindustrialization.

"It will be the purpose of the Federal employment board to keep business going more evenly by having always on hand government building jobs to be done."

WHILE the idea back of the Wagner Act meets unanimous approval, some doubt whether the legislation will do much good. The New York *Herald Tribune* laments that Congress "extracted its financial teeth" when it eliminated the provision in the original bill making available to the Stabilization Board a sum not to exceed $150,000,000 a year for speeding up construction to meet a crisis.

Then the Board's ability to tell when a crisis is coming is another thing. As a Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* puts it:

"So far in the present depression there has never been complete unanimity of opinion as to the course of events six months in advance among governmental heads, or indeed, among the country's ablest financiers. There was not any such unanimity even before the break in the stock market in October, 1929, altho many claim they predicted the trend in advance.

"Even if the opinion of the Presidential advisers was unanimous, business men are not certain what effect it might have on business to have it officially announced that a period of depression sufficient to cause radical unemployment were due."

THE bill just signed by the President is the second of a Wagner "trilogy," as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* explains:

"The first bill in the Wagner program, which provided for the collection of Federal statistics on unemployment, was passed at the last session of Congress, but no funds were appropriated to carry it into effect. Congress should provide this support at the present session. The third measure, which sets up a system of free public-employment offices, has been passed by the Senate, and is now awaiting action in the House."

A call for the passage of the Employment Exchange bill at the present session is made by several newspapers and by 128 members of national organizations of economists, business men, labor leaders, and social workers. The latter group have signed a letter to President Hoover declaring their belief that:

"It would be a tragedy if the Congress adjourns without enacting this measure, which would rehabilitate the Federal employment service and lay the groundwork for an effective cooperative system of employment exchanges operated by the States with national supervision and financial encouragement."

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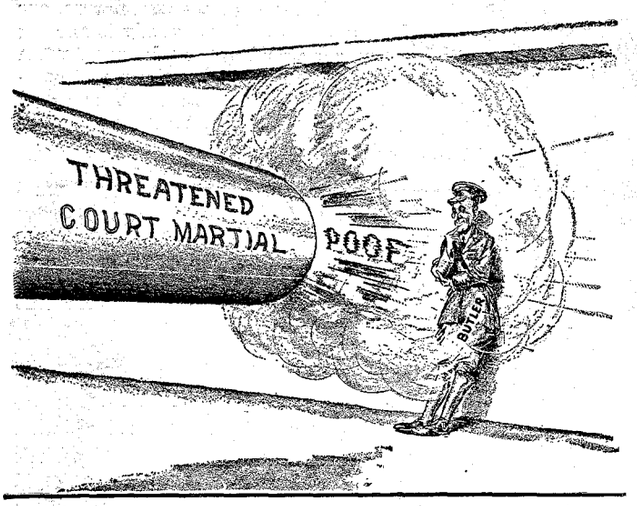
Our Comic-Opera Court-Martial

A SLAP ON THE WRIST—a pat on the back.

To make the punishment fit the crime, Secretary of the Navy Adams inflicted this penalty upon Gen. Smedley D. Butler, as it is viewed with a grin by the American press, which revels in all the Gilbert-and-Sullivan aspects of a case that threatened for a brief moment to jeopardize Italo-American amity.

The reprimand to Smedley Butler, declares the Brooklyn *Times*, "was the very reverse of a reprimand."

In the supposed privacy of the Contemporary Club in Philadelphia, General Butler spoke out of turn concerning Benito



Slapped on the Wrist at Sunrise

—Macauley in the Brooklyn "Eagle."

Mussolini's alleged exploits as a hit-and-run driver. The Philadelphia *Record* reported Butler's speech, "and the fat was in the fire. It hasn't stopt sizzling yet."

It sizzles humorously, gaily, satirically, on editorial pages, at times sputtering into a chortle of ridicule over comic-opera aspects of international relations that this closed incident exposes to the public. To some it has been only an "elaborate farce," to others a "talkie"; to one, at least—the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*—"an international extravaganza." The Camden *Courier-Post* compares it to a mediocre musical comedy, terminating "with the hero and villain friends once more, everybody happy, and the whole cast lined up along the footlights waiting for applause."

"At the same time, this show is like so many other musical comedies, in that a lot of things are left unexplained when the curtain goes down. Even while it applauds, the public can not help but wonder why the court-martial ever was ordered."

THE plot of this international skit is based, according to rumors, upon a bootlegger's revenge. A waiter at the exclusive Contemporary Club had been a bootlegger, whose business was wrecked by General Butler during his celebrated attempt to "dry up" Philadelphia. In virtuous indignation, the ex-bootlegger is said to have complained to the Italian consul of Butler's slander of Il Duce. Eventually the story broke in the Philadelphia *Record*. The first act opened with a bang!

A court-martial of the peppery, red-blooded Major-General of Marines was ordered. As the Grand Rapids *Press* recounts:

"The country was letting out its belt to laugh at the ridiculous spectacle of a supersolemn full-dress trial of a soldier who wears two Congressional medals of honor, all for a dinner-table indiscretion committed under the supposition that other guests were pledged to keep the confidence reposed in them. The thing was about to become an opéra-bouffe farce."

Suddenly the court-martial idea was dropt. Dropt, says the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, for the same reason that one drops a hot plate.

"Better break the plate than burn one's fingers. The State and Navy Departments know now what they should have known before they leapt precipitately into the court-martial proceedings, and so, probably, do Mussolini and his Ambassador in Washington.

"By slow processes everybody involved began to realize that such an international extravaganza as the Butler court-martial was pointing to, with its elaborate staging, its cast of legal celebrities, its gold-braid judges, and the nature of its evidence, would almost certainly result in making a martyr and a public hero out of General Butler and—what is more important—would probably disturb the relations between the United States and Italy.

"All this might have been realized from the start, but it is better to have realized it at the last minute than not at all.

"What remains is an apology from General Butler which does not touch the important questions of fact, and a reprimand from Secretary Adams which will hardly ruin the General's military standing.

"Presumably that ends the incident, unless somebody who knows the inside arrangement—'gentleman's agreement,' General Butler's chief counsel calls it—should decide to spill the beans.

"And a very neat ending it is, too, not only preserving the international amenities, but also at the same time revealing how ridiculous the *eminentissimos* concerned can appear as they rush furiously away from a situation too hot for them to handle."

VERSIONS of the Mussolini hit-and-run story vary greatly from the original first recounted by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who, in an Associated Press dispatch, protests that General Butler took "a story of mine, twisted it around to make a point for himself, and made me the goat." On the other hand, asserts the Norfolk paper quoted above:

"There is the Italian Foreign Office version, which is a denial that Mussolini ever rode with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., or ran over anything but a dog. There is the General Butler version, which had the Italian Premier running over a child and tossing off a remark about the small value of one life in comparison with the Italian State. There must be a Stimson-Adams version, which, however, has not been given to the public. And there is certainly a Vanderbilt version, which has Il Duce hitting a child with his car and then laying his hand on his guest's knee—there's a detail for you!—and saying, 'Never look back, Vanderbilt. Always look ahead in life.'

"The more one thinks of what that court-martial would have been, the more plain it is that when Secretaries Stimson and Adams turned tail and ran away from it as people run from the smallpox, they executed one of the most triumphant retreats in American history."

AS tho to cap the climax of theatrical exaggeration, Smedley D. Butler and his counsel, Major Henry Leonard, are credited by a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* with the composition of the reprimand administered to the culprit. After lengthy negotiations, more and more embarrassing to the State Department, during which Butler refused to write an apology to Mussolini or the representatives of the Italian Government, the "inside story," published by the Baltimore *Sun*, concludes:

"The State Department asked what his terms were, and got the reply that General Butler should get off with a mild reprimand, and that he, Leonard, with Butler, should write the reprimand.

"The State Department emissary reported back to headquarters, and late Saturday evening came back with a general acceptance of Major Leonard's proposal, but with a request that in order to give the Administration an 'out,' General Butler should write a letter giving some new factor which could be used as an excuse for dropping the court-martial.

"This and a few other minor stipulations by the State Department were accepted by General Butler. Thus the case was brought to a close."

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Unholy Feelings in the Holy Land

"ZIONISM IS THE SPEAR-POINT of imperialism and foreign culture."

That is the hostile view taken by *Falastin*, an Arab paper of Jaffa, which plainly doesn't want any Western culture.

The East "intends to shape its own destiny," flatly writes the dark-skinned, black-eyed Arab editor in his English supplement, as we imagine him pulling at his *hooka*, or water-pipe, his indignant glance roving westward over the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

His wrathy exclamation, which we find in the wireless news of the New York *Times*, is the result of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald's recent interpretation of Lord Passfield's White Paper giving the Jews in Palestine more privileges.

The Premier suavely explains it all in a letter to Dr. Chaim Weizmann, former head of the Zionist organization.

The Arab editor's wrath has been egged on, too, by Maulana Shaukat Ali, who aims to carry Gandhi's battle against Occidental culture into the Holy Land. *Falastin* makes that explicit:

"The battle in India between two ideas has been started here by Maulana Shaukat Ali's repeated lectures against Europeanization. Just as in India the fight between the two civilizations started from political issues, it is bound to start in all Arab lands sooner or later on political pretexts. Is this letter to Dr. Weizmann such a needed blow?"

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Youth and Springtime in the Land of Promise

THE White Paper issued last October by Lord Passfield, British colonial secretary, angered the Jews of the world. It affirmed that the Jewish immigrants "should not be a burden on the people of Palestine as a whole, and that they should not deprive any section of the present population of their employment." Furthermore, Lord Passfield proposed to take care of "landless Arabs" before any additional land could be sold to Jews. This pleased the Arabs, but infuriated the Jews.

Now Prime Minister MacDonald, in his letter to Dr. Weizmann, defines the primary principle of the British policy as "the settlement of both Jews and displaced Arabs on the land."

Premier MacDonald's suave and conciliatory interpretation, declares *Al Hayat*, organ of the Supreme Moslem Council, is an obvious contradiction.

Shaukat Ali, the Indian Moslem leader, who is stirring the Arabs to revolt, is a brother of the late Mohammed Ali, who died while attending the recent Round Table conference in London. On the eve of his departure for India, in an incendiary sermon delivered at the Haifa mosque in Jerusalem, says a dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune*, Shaukat Ali violently attacked the Jews, intensifying Arab dissatisfaction with the MacDonald letter by asserting that the Zionists aim to dominate the whole of Arabia. As quoted in the Chicago *Tribune*, Shaukat Ali exhorted:

"I don't wish to massacre our enemies, but I deplore your weakness in allowing them to subjugate you in this—our Holy Land.

"The time has come for an active effort for Islam to remember that Moslems fear no weapons. Resolve that strangers will never capture your hearts and souls.

"I leave you my most precious possessions, my brother's bones. I and all of my people labor for you."

If the Arabs tend to exaggerate the conciliatory tone of the Prime Minister's interpretation of the White Paper, the Jewish press is not overenthusiastic concerning the new privileges granted. *The American Hebrew*, a magazine published for American Jews, finds balm in the much-discust document, but warns against reading into it more than is actually exprest:

"Those who take the MacDonald interpretation at its face value will see only an endeavor of the Premier, as spokesman of the present Government, to offset the Passfield tone of hostility toward Zionist institutions in Palestine, while it delimits, to participation and not paramountcy, the efforts of Jews the world over to promote an era of economic well-being in the Holy Land.

"Chiefly, it insists on mutuality as the one and only way. In other words, his lordship clogged the wheels; MacDonald lubricates them (with a thin mixture), and the Palestine experiment may now proceed with friction somewhat eliminated. Given direction and guidance, it should get somewhere."

AN effort to assuage Jewish opinion has led the Prime Minister to grant important concessions, declares *The Day*, a National Jewish daily of New York.

Likewise, the New York *Jewish Tribune* finds in the "soft language and gentle rhetoric" of the British Premier an attempt "to mollify the wounded Jewish sensibilities." However:

"The letter contains no sign of official enthusiasm for stimulating the development of a Jewish national home.

"It does pay a welcome tribute to the Jewish activities; and to some extent this ought to undo at least a part of the mischief perpetrated by Lord Passfield's statement which, by obscuring or denying the positive benefits that Zionist efforts have brought to the country, gave rise to a misleading conception of the Jewish position in Palestine.

"It does refer to the 'constructive work done by the Jewish people.'

"But in substance it continues, by the Premier's own confession, to cling to the belief that 'consideration of balance must enter into the definition of policy.'"

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE skin we'd love to touch once more is a frogskin.—*Austin American.*

ALL work and no play makes jack for the nerve specialists.—*Harrisburg News.*

THE average Wall Street lamb would prefer an unbearable market.—*Louisville Times.*

IT isn't difficult to increase the price of wheat. You just grind it and bake it.—*Altoona Tribune.*

HOOVER has got his back up, but it is not the back-up that the Senate demanded of him.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

ACCORDING to Sir Henry Thornton of the Canadian National Railways, students from the middle third in their classes are the most successful in life. They are not brilliant enough to become professors, or dumb enough to have to work.—*New Yorker.*

EVEN when Gandhi secludes himself for silent meditation, he's the biggest little noise in India.—*Weston Leader.*

"THE kilt still has its supporters in Scotland." It would certainly be embarrassing if it didn't.—*Louisville Times.*

THIS may have been a mild winter, but to judge from the business news, it managed to freeze a lot of assets.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

ONE thing to the credit of the man who kills himself—he generally gets the one most responsible for his troubles.—*Tampa Times.*

"THE present state of the country is enough to make any politician think," declares a contemporary. Well, that's something.—*The Humorist (London).*

WE suppose if a newspaper columnist should ever die a violent death it would be spoken of as killing the goof that relayed the olden gag.—*The Ohio State Journal.*

Next?

—Hungerford in the Pittsburgh "Post Gazette."

CHEAP politics is always the most expensive to the taxpayer.—*Louisville Times.*

THE "ex" in "ex-doughboys" applies to the dough as well as the boys.—*El Paso Herald.*

NEVER before has the honest farmer felt so keenly the prod in his products.—*Weston Leader.*

THE Red Cross made its big mistake by not telling people Arkansas was in Armenia.—*Elizabeth Journal.*

GENERAL BUTLER probably knows now that Italy is formed in the shape of a boot.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

AFTER an evening as Mrs. Bidwell's partner, we are inclined to doubt that she will ever really enjoy heaven. We feel that she could never be quite satisfied with the way Gabriel played his trump.—*Boston Herald.*

THE "buy now" movement has been somewhat chilled, however, in the New York magistrate market.—*Beloit News.*

WHAT a world: Nobody will take your last cigaret, and everybody will take your last dollar.—*Bethlehem Globe-Times.*

A MANUFACTURING genius is a man who makes a commodity just strong enough to hold together until the last instalment is paid.—*Judge.*

ROGER BABSON says that farmers who raise spinach are making money. And yet, what is money, with a troubled conscience?—*Detroit News.*

IT strikes us that the United States is acting pretty stingy these days. It shows none of the fine, open-handed spirit of the bank whose name it bears.—*New Yorker.*

FOR the tropics, special golf-balls are used to stand the heat. Even in this country we have seen a golfer fan his ball for a long time with his club before hitting it.—*Punch.*

IF you want to draw a good laugh from a bootlegger, just tell him that drink is the cause of poverty.—*Louisville Times.*

THE middle class is the one that is able to live in public as the rich do by living in private as the poor do.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

HELL hath no fury like a woman who discovers her husband using for a shoe rag one of the neckties she gave him Christmas.—*Louisville Times.*

HERGESHEIMER says writing is just as hard work as ditch-digging. Yes, and nowadays turns over just about as much dirt.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A MARINE general who wishes to speak freely of foreign rulers should go about it in the regular order, first becoming Mayor of Chicago.—*Detroit News.*

A SWEDISH prince has renounced the throne for true love. If it isn't true love he is liable to be crowned once in a while anyhow.—*Clermont (Fla.) Press.*

OUR Latin-American policy, says Secretary Stimson, "has been a noble one." And like other noble policies of our Government, has required plenty of enforcement officers.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

"AFTER we were married he would work in the garden, but now he goes out to play billiards," said a woman in court. Diamonds, hearts, spades, and then clubs were trumps.—*Passing Show (London).*

A SCIENTIST says the law of gravity may be abolished. Quite likely; the gravity of law has already been abolished.—*Life.*

ANY bonus for doughboys seems too big to the man who stayed at home and accumulated property to be taxed.—*Erie Times.*

THE American policy in South and Central America, it seems from Secretary Stimson's statement, is that it will be noble, but not so noble as to interfere with American interests.—*Lynchburg News.*

ONE of his adherents, says Mahatma Gandhi, is the most unselfish person alive. We're prepared to believe anything short of the assertion that he'd give the shirt off his back.—*Detroit News.*

A COMPARISON of the Wickersham Commission's formal recommendations with the individual opinions of its members suggests that the majority was in the minority.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

A "KEY to the innermost secrets of nature" is contained in an equation formed by Dr. Einstein and other great thinkers in conference at Pasadena, according to the A. P.

"The equation reveals that symmetrical tensors relate to the gravitational fields and the anti-symmetrical tensors relate to the electro-magnetic field. Some work on terrestrial magnetism remains to be done."

Well, there you are. But it is kinda dark here, and I've tried and tried, and can't find the keyhole.—*Detroit News.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

The New Turmoil in Spain

"I AM TIRED of being called a tyrant.

"I am going to show my tolerance in the most forceful manner, and try to recover the description as 'democratic and liberal,' which the people always gave me before the dictatorship."

This declaration made by King Alfonso of Spain to his intimates, as we learn from a Madrid Associated Press dispatch, marks the opening of new turmoil in Spain.

It was made when he designated José Antonio Sanchez Guerra, a former Premier, and also a rebel, to form a government to succeed the dictatorial régime headed by General D'Amaso Berenguer, who resigned on February 14.

Mr. Guerra, who is seventy-one, and whose name means war, two years ago organized an unsuccessful rising against the dictatorship of the late Gen. Primo de Rivera. But Mr. Guerra failed in his effort to carry out the commission of the King. Another Spanish leader to back out from a proposed premiership is Melquiades Alvarez, leader of the Reformists.

A strict censorship was clamped on the press, following which Madrid press telephone messages began to bristle with rumors of a military dictatorship.

A poll of the Spanish, French, and British press by cable on the pregnant events in Spain brings significant comment.

Any other formula than a constitutional assembly would mean revolution and all its consequences, says the Madrid *Sol*, an organ of the Left. But this assembly, it is added, must not, as some politicians propose, be obligated to save the monarchy, because "the question is not to draw up a constitution for the monarchy, but for Spain."

A German Query

Can the Spanish beauty hold the villain in check?

—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

According to the Madrid *Liberal*, anything else than a constitutional assembly would merely upset one government to put another into office. The Madrid *Libertad*, a newspaper of the Left, says flatly:

"Everybody must accept this supreme fact—Spain has started on a road from which nothing and nobody can swerve it. When has the country given clearer proofs of its desire to adopt a historic solution to a question?"

ON the other hand, the Conservative *Debate* remarks that:

"If a solution depended on us, Berenguer would continue at the head of the new government. The fundamental problem of Spanish life is the instability of the peseta. The constitutionalist question, on the contrary, affects only one group of professional politicians."

A Liberal monarchist journal, *El Imparcial*, praises the leaders who overthrew the Berenguer dictatorship. It assures us that:

"The people who try to belittle their figures and purposes may erroneously classify as a maneuver what really was a virile act of citizenship. The exit of the government of reactionaries and dictators has been greeted from abroad with the rise in value of the peseta."

NATURALLY the press in England and in France are keenly interested in the Spanish crisis. The Conservative London *Daily Telegraph* remarks:

"If the monarchy is not actually threatened by the mounting wave of Republican feeling, it undoubtedly is much shaken by the declared withdrawal of leading monarchist parties of their confidence in the present occupant of the throne.

"The King's position is grave.

"The drive toward constitutional revision appears irresistible with a 'democratized monarchy' the probable outcome."

TO English minds, avers the Liberal Manchester *Guardian*, the idea of a kingdom "in suspense and put away to one side, so to speak, until a court of Parliament has found a verdict, is very strange." But—

"This solution appeals to most Spanish politicians.

"It can not appeal to King Alfonso, but it is possible that he may accept it as the best chance he has of retaining the Crown.

"It is useless to try to prevent people from debating the institution of monarchy if they want to."

It is certain that the Spanish dynasty can not remain unchanged, thinks the Liberal London *Star*, and it goes on:

"There will be a curtailment of the powers of the King.

"If the decision is against the throne, Spain will be but following the lead of other continental lands, for these post-war years have made a monarchical government unfashionable.

"It may be ere long that Great Britain alone will remain faithful to the constitutional monarchy. Our system is founded firmly on the affection of the people for their King, who rules with wisdom and does not stand aloof from the lives of his people."

"The King is no longer master of the situation," believes the Paris *Soir*, and the Nationalist *Echo de Paris* asserts:

"Alfonso by temerarious adventures during the World War and by Moroccan campaigns, has completely shattered the prestige of popularity which Queen Maria Christina bequeathed him."

THE Laborite Paris *Oeuvre* predicts "a parliamentary monarchy as in England, a republic with a king, so that Alfonso in effect has already lost the Crown."

Speaking of the precarious position of Alfonso XIII, weeks before the overthrow of the Berenguer dictatorship, a contributor to the London *Contemporary Review*—A. Fombona, had this to say:

"This caricature of Parliamentary government which vegetated under two kings has been sapped.

"The illustrious head of the present semiautocratic régime

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will put up a good fight, for he is a master of political adroitness, and is gifted with uncommon resourcefulness which makes him more than a match for the shrewdest of his refractory subjects.

"It is urged that he has not been felicitous in the choice of his friends—few personal rulers are—and of those whom he selected as the instruments of his policy hardly any made strenuous efforts to further it, while the majority actually thwarted his plans and exposed his motives to withering criticism.

"Thus there were quacks who claimed to possess formulas for the creation of a new and prosperous era in trade, industry, agriculture, and there were railway wizards who undertook to conjure up a golden age with the help of monopolies or other concessions, and were lavish of enormous bribes, which were pocketed one knew not exactly by whom.

"That these adventurers could not but damage the cause of the monarchy and drive the dissatisfied into the ranks of the Republicans is obvious, but it is equally obvious—so runs the plea—that the blame should not fall on the ruler alone.

"None the less the monarch himself is in an exposed and dangerous position, and can plead little in self-defense. That is one of the direct consequences of the seven years of one-man rule."

Why Mr. Briand Lasts

CABINETS CAN COME and Cabinets can go, in France, but Foreign Minister Briand will remain. The reason given is that the French consider him "irreplaceable." This is the verdict of an experienced observer of the French political situation, Sisley Huddleston, who says that Mr. Briand has reconciled, with extraordinary skill, the contradictory desires of the French people, and in the London *New Statesman* he continues:

"The French desire to live on good terms with their neighbors, to play a foremost part in the consolidation of existing institutions, and the construction of other institutions which will maintain pacifically the statutes of 1919.

"They also desire a certain preparedness against the menace of attempts to overthrow the statutes of 1919. They desire a contented Europe, but they also desire to have the means of resisting discontent.

"They would collect pledges, but they would also have the frontiers strengthened. They are enthusiastically for European union, on condition that nothing is disturbed."

WHEN Premier Steeg's Cabinet fell, lately, it is recalled that Mr. Briand was at Geneva. But he did not hurry back to participate in the Paris negotiations, we are told.

He calmly continued his work, suggesting that his personal position was not affected by such trivial incidents as the downfall of Cabinets. Mr. Huddleston proceeds:

"When the President, Mr. Doumergue, offered the Premiership to him by telegram, he declined on the ground that he was already sufficiently burdened as Foreign Minister.

"Politicians might point out that he was no longer Foreign Minister, and that nobody had asked him to stay at the Quai d'Orsay; they were technically right; but the assumption of Mr. Briand that whoever was Prime Minister would accept him as a matter of course as Foreign Minister was, nevertheless, justified.

"'Go to any provincial political meeting,' said an able Paris editor to me, 'and you will hear the name of Mr. Herriot or Mr. Tardieu mildly hissed or moderately applauded; but whenever the name of Mr. Briand is mentioned, there will be rousing cheers. The bulk of the French people are unquestionably with him. Whether you think he is right or wrong, whether you approve or disapprove, here is the salient fact in French politics to-day. Mr. Briand represents France.'

"And he went on, with some exaggeration, to picture Europe as on the edge of a precipice, over which it might fall did not Mr. Briand perform, as it were, a daily miracle.

"It is easy, of course, to object that if Europe is on the edge of a precipice, that is no great recommendation for the policy of Geneva and of Mr. Briand; but this objection would be swept aside—the perilous situation of Europe is regarded as due to other causes, and the efforts of Geneva and Mr. Briand are regarded as indispensable."

Planning an Islamic State

THE ENTIRE NORTHWEST CORNER of India would be converted into an Islamic State if the ambitions of some Moslems were realized.

A proposal to that effect was made by a Moslem poet—Dr. Mohammed Iqbal, a Knight of a British-Indian Order—at a great rally of Moslems in Allahabad. It was immediately acclaimed by the vast assemblage.

Indian editors point out that the Indian followers of the Arabian prophet who are living in the extreme northwest of India outnumber the Hindus, Sikhs, and other sects.

They see no reason, we are told, why the various units into which the British have divided this part of the country for administrative purposes should not be abolished, and the territory organized as an Islamic State.

If this vision materializes, Islam's banner will float over a new country—vast in area, rich in material resources, and populous. Egypt, Turkey, Persia, and Irak may exceed it in extent, but not in potential wealth.

The network of canals already spread, or in process of being spread, over this region is so vast that the Egyptian irrigation system might be put into it and lost.

This new Islamic State would take in three provinces—the Northwest Frontier Province, the Punjab, and Baluchistan, and part of a fourth—Sindh—which is now incorporated in the Bombay Presidency.

The area would approximate 200,000 square miles, and the population number upwards of 28,500,000.

The impulse behind the vision is mainly religious, and the new State is meant to be theocratic. So the author of the scheme tells us. As quoted in an Associated Press of India dispatch from Allahabad, he stated:

"Self-government within the British Empire, or without the British Empire, the formation of a consolidated Northwest Indian Moslem State appears to me to be the final destiny of the Moslems, at least, of Northwest India."

IN Sir Mohammed Iqbal's opinion, the creation of this Moslem State would also help to ease the tension between Moslems and Hindus and other minorities. It would induce Moslems to cease thinking of their Arabian descent.

But the Hindus are up in arms against the proposal. The *Bandé Mataram* (Lahore), published in Urdu, and edited by a Hindu Nationalist, caustically remarks:

"Dr. Iqbal has not been able to hide the secret ambition cherished by Indian Moslem leaders. He has opened our eyes.

"By aiming at dividing India into Moslem and non-Moslem parts, the Moslem leaders are intent upon destroying India.

"We shall do all that is possible to prevent Moslems from cherishing the desire of separating themselves from non-Moslems and forming themselves into a Moslem theocracy. For them to improve their position in India is one thing. But for them to erect on India's Northwest frontier an extensive Islamic State is quite another."

NOR do the Sikhs, who constitute an important minority in this part of India, which they dominated only a century ago, like the idea any better. Bhagat Lakshman Singh, the editor of the *Khalsa* (Lahore), one of their organs, bluntly observes:

"Whether the dream of Sir Mohammed Iqbal will materialize in all respects, time alone will show. But to a close observer of events it is abundantly clear that the game has been well played.

"The talky, frothy, ungrateful Punjabi Hindu, who owes so much to Pax Britannia, but who has been all the while engaged in schemes to oust his protector, and his gullible cousin the Sikh, have been losing ground all along. In the attempt to turn out their 'enemy,' the *Feringhi* (foreigner), they have been actually contributing to the reestablishment of the Moslem rule."

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Hitler's Great Walkout

THE GERMAN REICHSTAG is reduced to a mere group of helpless nonentities.

So the Hitler organs would have us believe.

"The motley heap of citizens remaining in the Reichstag can not perform useless theatricals for their own benefit," pityingly remarks Hitler's Munich paper, the *Voelkischer Beobachter*.

That was the cataclysmic result of the great walkout of 151 Hitlerites and members of other chief opposition parties.

But the "motley group" of members left behind happen to constitute a majority of the body, and they report that they are doing very well, thanks to nobody, and, in fact, are getting along better than before.

A poll of the leading German newspapers by cable for THE LITERARY DIGEST shows them sharply split on this question. The "Nazi" and Nationalist dailies affirm that the Hitler walkout condemns the Reichstag to futility; but the moderate papers and organs of the Left welcome the exodus as evidence of the weakness of the secessionists. They think it makes the Bruening Government stronger. His unofficial mouthpiece, the Catholic *Germania*, declares:

"How little earnestness is inherent in the so-called Nationalist opposition struggle for the best path in German politics is shown by the solid withdrawal from Parliament when the moment arrived to face the German Foreign Minister and speakers of the big parties on the issue of the irresponsibility of the Nationalist demogogy.

"The exodus has not impaired Parliament's prestige, but we regret that foreign countries had been deprived of the opportunity of comparing this opposition's demagogic slogans with sober Parliamentary debate."

The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, close to the People's party, and often echoing government opinion, is quoted in a cable to THE LITERARY DIGEST as doubting the efficacy of the withdrawal of the Hitlerites from the Reichstag as a means of achieving control of the Parliament. It says:

"They underestimate the Administration's power, and overestimate the impression their move will create among the masses of the people. The secession denotes a sidestep from the road of legality. They must beware of succumbing to delusions of grandeur."

INCIDENTALLY, Chancellor Bruening's steady if hampered progress in office elicits enthusiasm from some sections of the German press, which aver that few men have risen so completely and so unexpectedly to a great occasion as has Heinrich Bruening, whose post as Chancellor corresponds to that of Prime Minister in England.

Perhaps German dailies quite opposed to him politically, like the Berlin *Vorwärts*, afford the best evidence of this. These speak of his modesty, his integrity, his self-effacement, and his industry.

To the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* it seems that brilliant abilities are masked behind Bruening's simple ways and quiet tones:

"His private life is that of a bachelor of small means. His diet is the simplest. He worships regularly at the Catholic Church in whatever town he happens to be.

"In the somewhat somber but impressive rooms of his official home he can be found in the Chancellor's seat, going over papers with meticulous exactness. Off this room is the large apartment in which the Cabinet meets. Bruening presides in the capacity of a listener. No man was ever more patient in seeking counsel, in charging his memory with details.

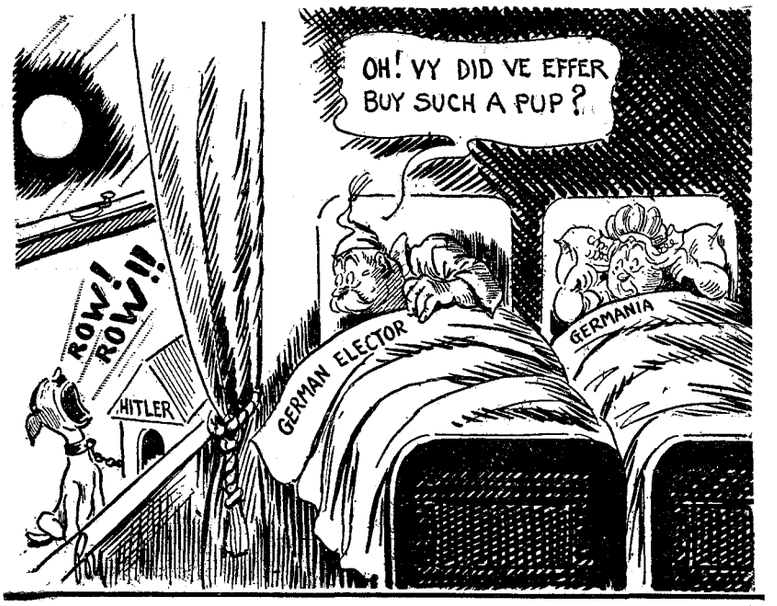
"He has laid aside to some extent the unvarying sack-coat of his younger days. He dons a flowing cutaway for his public speeches, advancing to the edge of a platform with a high collar about his neck, and a long four-in-hand tie down his shirt front.

"He speaks into the microphone slowly and readily, not at a loss for a word. He permits himself no dialect. His discourse is an easy and eloquent but not stilted 'high' German.

"Bruening excels in retort. But it is not the swift, cutting retort of the witty speaker crushing an antagonist. Bruening retorts gracefully, kindly, striving to make a point that will persuade and please the individual who has interrupted him, and in this he is as a rule rarely successful.

"It would be true, doubtless, to say Bruening is of the unruffled type of temperament—if there be such a temperament.

"He is never or very seldom angry. He is not the man whose eye flashes, whose arm swings, who gallops about a platform in the Hitler fashion. He is the ideal political economist.



"Oh for a Good Night's Rest!"

—"The Evening News" (London).

"He has studied the literature of economics from the days of Adam Smith in England down to those of the Austrian economists of our own time.

"Bruening is without enthusiasm. He takes a lugubrious satisfaction in telling his people that Utopia is a dream, that the world is grimly real. But he makes all feel at the same time that it is heroic to face a hard fact."

ACCOMPANYING an announcement that the German Fascists intend to hold five hundred public meetings daily following their withdrawal from the Reichstag, Hitler's organ, the Munich *Voelkischer Beobachter*, says:

"The exodus of Germans from the Tribune-Reichssal is doubtless even historic. A gigantic wave of National Socialist meetings will now sweep the nation and the people will understand that the National Socialists protest and rightly judge the insolence of the bankrupt parties."

The Nationalist, pro-Hitler, *Deutsche Zeitung:*

"Whoever now remains in Parliament must realize he will be buried with Parliamentarism if he misses this chance of joining the awakening Germany."

This appeal to climb on the brown-shirts' band-wagon is ably seconded in Hugenberg's *Lokal Anzeiger*, which declares that muzzling the Opposition, which led 151 deputies to quit the Reichstag, robbed Parliament of all significance.

The Liberal *Vossische Zeitung* approvingly cites a remark of Deputy Kaas, "the Reichstag has gained in efficiency and lost no intelligence." But this same newspaper warns against "deducing the permanent collapse of the National Socialists from their tactical failure in the Reichstag," and recalls that the Nazi success is due to the discontent of the masses of the people and the blunders of Germany's post-war régime.

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Gangdom's Grip on China

ARE CHINESE NATIONALISTS impotent against outlaws?

Victory after victory is reported. Nationalists of the Kuomintang seem everywhere to have the bandits of the country and their supposed allies, the Communists, on the run.

But these bandits are strangely resilient fellows, with remarkable recuperative powers. They always come back for more, and the fraternity of highwaymen flourishes mightily.

Why can not the Nationalists win a final and lasting victory against these bands of robbers who roam the country, plundering and kidnaping?

For an answer to this question THE DIGEST turns to China itself. Cables were dispatched to the editors of that country asking for the "lowdown" on the situation.

The replies to these requests for information indicate very clearly the feeling in China that the Kuomintang, under Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, is unable to handle the situation.

This opinion is exprest most openly in the North.

Commanders announce "a great victory when the bandits voluntarily evacuate," says the Tientsin *Ta Kung Pao* of that section, continuing somewhat scornfully: "But when the bandits return, the troops flee."

BUT in the South, according to our information, the Kuomintang's control over the press is almost absolute, and the newspapers are discreetly silent. Because of this control of the Shanghai, Nanking, and Hankow areas, one of our cables continues, the newspapers there generally are silent regarding progress of the anti-bandit campaign.

The *Shun Pao* and *Sin Wan Pao* of Shanghai, independent newspapers with leanings toward the Kuomintang, have significantly failed to comment on the bandit situation this year.

The only comment of the American-owned *China Weekly Review* is:

"Altho Chiang Kai-shek's campaign has been successful, in so far as he has captured several leading Red strongholds and routed the major bands, the situation remains serious, due to the difficulty government forces are experiencing in forcing the outlaws into a major military engagement. Nanking leaders have offered large rewards for the capture of Communist chieftains, but this has failed to bring results."

The American-owned Shanghai *Evening Post*, the Chinese-owned *China Press* (recently purchased from American owners), the British Shanghai *Times*, and *The North-China Daily News* have refrained from comment. Editors of these papers, according to our cables, explain that the real situation in the Yangtze provinces is obscure, the government censorship is effective, and most news of the situation is government-inspired and disseminated only by the official Kuo Min agency. *The Chinese Nation*, official Kuomintang weekly, has made only this comment: "The progress of the bandit suppression campaign is satisfactory. It is expected the Communists soon will be wiped out."

But in the more independent North, we find the *Shih Chieh Ji Pao* of Peiping frankly explaining the situation thus:

"Altho the government has claimed victory after victory, private advices indicate that there is no decrease in outrages. The campaign is forcing the outlaws and the Communists to cooperate, and if they are not exterminated the peasants also must join them. We urge the elimination of unworthy officers and the appointment of a unified command."

THE Tientsin *Yung Pao*, friendly to Nanking, is inclined to blame education as it exists in China:

"Altho the Government is doing its best to suppress the bandits, education mills daily are grinding out more Communists, and for this reason extermination is impossible. The country's educational bankruptcy is driving students to embrace Communism and lead the outlaws."

An American Invades Persia

THE SILENCE OF THE ROYAL MOSQUE in Ispahan was broken by a resounding crash.

The American who was photographing the interior of the building jumped in apprehension. He feared the worst. The townspeople, who considered his occupation nothing short of desecration, had been menacing.

But he had jumped before he was hurt. The noise, we read in the London *Sunday Observer*, was caused by nothing more terrifying than a large ox bone "dropt by a buzzard as it flew over the mosque."

The American photographer was Arthur Upham Pope, who enjoys the cordial support and good-will of the Shah's Ministers; who is Art Adviser to the Persian Government; and who was the first Westerner granted official permission to photograph the interiors of Royal mosques. These, remarks *The Sunday Observer*, "are exceptional achievements even for an enterprising American, and the manner in which such distinctions were attained by Mr. Pope, codirector of the Persian Exhibition at Burlington House, is one of the romances of scholarship."

Six years ago, we are told as we read on:

"Mr. Pope arrived in Teheran with no introductions. He had long cherished an enthusiasm for Persian art, and taught philosophy at the University of California. When the director of the American College at Teheran heard of the attainments of the new visitor, he invited him to address the students. Instead of lauding to them the progress and enlightenment of the West, as most lecturers from the Occident do, he praised the artistic glories of their own country, and reminded them of their wonderful heritage and the great influence it should exercise on the culture of the world.

"The authorities were surprized; they were unused to such sympathy and understanding of their achievements and ideals. The interest of Ministers was aroused in this scholar from the New World."

MR. POPE'S work has "brought him into personal contact with the Shah, whom he describes as a man of fine soldierly bearing, over six feet tall, and of tremendous strength." Continuing:

"'He gave me his picture,' Mr. Pope said, 'but exacted a promise that if it was ever published the scar between the eyes should not be erased. He is proud of that scar, which he got fighting for his country. As an indication of his people's belief in his great physical prowess, I will quote you one of the many stories they tell about him, and which they believe to be true.

"'It is to the effect that once, on a road in Teheran, he was waylaid by two assassins. He jumped out of his car, shot one of them, pursued the other, caught him single-handed, bundled him into his car, and took him off to the police. Whether the story is a true one or not, it is significant that his people believe it.

"'The Shah,' Mr. Pope added, 'is extremely keen on developing his country and reorganizing finance, education, transportation, hygiene, and agriculture.

"'Except for small disturbances among mountain tribes, there is now no lawlessness in Persia. You can go anywhere with perfect confidence,' he said. 'I traveled all over the country and never carried even a stick. Crime is relatively rare. In Ispahan there wasn't a single arrest for theft in a month—and theft used to be the commonest of crimes. When the Shah came into power, the roads were not safe anywhere, and caravan insurance was prohibitive. Now you can go where you like in safety. There was hardly an army to speak of; now there is a well-trained one, with motorized field batteries and mountain artillery, armored cars, and fine cavalry. The Shah's cavalry is the finest in the world. The mounts are Arab steeds, which drill with the precision of circus horses.

"'The Shah intends to continue friends with Russia, but does not mean Persia to become Bolshevik. He has sometimes disappointed his followers by appearing to be indifferent to situations that call for action; but he knows how to play a long game and to wait till the proper moment, then he is indeed formidable.

"'During the past five years the position of women has been transformed. They are now free to appear in the streets without the veil, and to visit one another. In Ispahan, as recently as 1925, one never saw a woman without a veil. Now women drive their own cars, take up literary studies, dress in Paris fashion.'"

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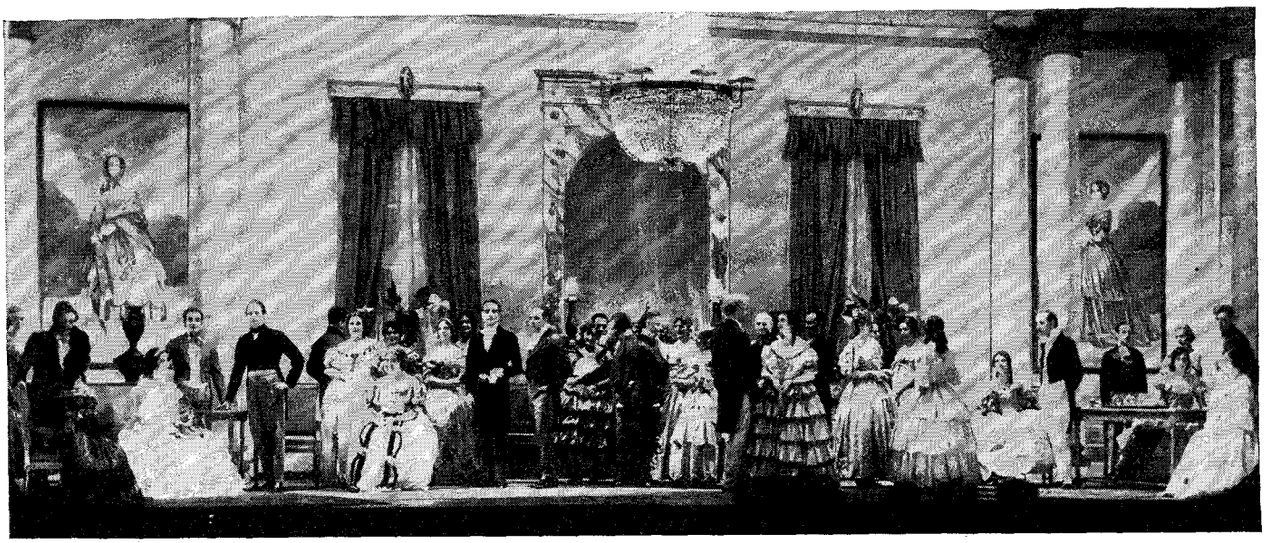

International Newsreel photograph

The Ball Where "Peter" Recognizes the "Duchess of Towers"

"Peter" and "Mimsey" are seen at the table on the left.

Taylor's New Opera, "Peter Ibbetson"

OPERA IN ENGLISH had a leg-up in the recent production of "Peter Ibbetson" at the Metropolitan.

"One could hear and understand the text as it was sung by Messrs. Johnson, Tibbett and Miss Bori," reports Mr. Chotzinoff of *The World*.

With the thirty-six curtain calls echoing in his ears, Mr. Deems Taylor no doubt spoke truly in telling the audience that they had seen "one completely happy person."

That was before the music critics had found their chance to pour a little gall into his chalice of happiness.

From the tentative rebuke of Mr. Chotzinoff that *Peter* and *Mimsey* and the *Colonel* seemed "uncomfortable in their musical clothes" we come to Mr. Lawrence Gilman's (*Herald Tribune*) discovery of such a *réchauffée* as this:

"Again and again in the score of 'Peter Ibbetson' we come upon repercussions of 'Tristan,' 'Parsifal,' 'Walküre,' 'Pelléas.' Less frequently, we hear reflections of Strauss and of Puccini. But chiefly the idiom is that of Wagner, or it is Wagner oddly blended with Debussy; or we hear the two in juxtaposition."

BUT for the moment, at least, the house rejoices in an opera whose libretto, derived from Du Maurier's famous novel, has the power to "bring tears to strong men's eyes."

The first-performance audience were completely satisfied, or so it appeared.

There is the story of *Peter's* idyllic childhood in Passy, Paris, and his child love for *Mimsey*, of his migration to England, and his nostalgic love for his early home, mingled with the revulsion to the unsympathetic English environment, his meeting of *Mimsey*, grown to the stately *Duchess of Towers*, and their fruitless love. Then the tragedy involved in his killing his uncle, who had declared him illegitimate. Finally, when his death sentence was changed to life imprisonment, there is the consolation of "dreaming true" with *Mimsey* as his life fades out in his prison cell.

Thus may the main plot be recalled as it has been read and reread in the novel, or reviewed in the play and the screen.

So, without dwelling on the critics' wrangles, it seems fair to let Mr. Taylor speak for himself, which he does for an interviewer, Benjamine Grosbayne, whose words appear in the Metropolitan program:

"The libretto adheres closely to the play made famous by Constance Collier and the Barrymore brothers, altho Mr. Taylor has gone to the book for many additional lines.

"No incidents from the play have been omitted, altho it has naturally been necessary at times to combine and curtail occasional scenes.

"'The play,' in the words of Mr. Taylor, 'faithfully followed the book emotionally, and, in the main, factually. And the libretto follows the play.' The 'cuts,' together with changes in the wording of the speeches, have been the only important changes. In many spots it was necessary to concentrate two or three speeches into one in order to approximate the tempo of the play.

"When it is recalled that a page of play manuscript takes about one minute to speak and a page of libretto from two and a half to three minutes to sing, the differences in genres will explain why the different methods and dramaturgic resolutions are advisable and often imperative.

"The composer said that in the new opera he has realized two minor ambitions of his life: first, to write a waltz in the Strauss style, and second, to make thematic use of French folk-songs. The waltz comes in the first act, which is a ballroom scene, recalling the similar operatic use of the lovely dance music in 'Rosenkavalier.'

"The French folk-songs are scattered throughout the score, particularly in the scene recalling *Peter's* childhood in Paris.

"At one spot in the first act five of these are merrily played simultaneously in contrapuntal fashion. To hear them or read them mentally from the score shows how carefully the composer has simplified the rhythms, and not, as is the custom of some writers, to make them appear complicated and abstruse by rhythmic and notational complexities.

"Much of so-called syncopation in modern music is simply harmonic anticipation. In this score there are many examples of genuine 'after-beats' and carried-over accents. The lightest music, he says, occurs in the first act, culminating in a finale that combines two versions of the 'Strauss' waltz, one played on the stage and one in the pit.

"'I am not sure just what the form of "Peter Ibbetson" is, but it is not Wagnerian. I started writing it in the expectation that the score would contain the usual assortment of leit-motifs, developed in the accepted way. But the music did not work out that way. There are almost no "character" themes, the music following the situation rather than the individual.

"'There is only one set number, an aria sung by the *Colonel*

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in the first act. There it is sung frankly as an aria, or rather as a recitation. On the other hand, I have tried to keep the music as lyric as possible, consistent with dramatic appropriateness, and there are several scenes that will be, in effect, arias and duets.

"'There is considerable choral music, all of it, except in the first act, being sung behind the scenes.

" 'The progress of every act, by the way, is continuous.

" 'The scenery has been so designed that it can be shifted with great speed, and what slight waiting time is still necessary is occupied with orchestral interludes.'"

UNTIL critical opinion on the music has settled, it may be well to consider the present and future popular appeal of the opera as a production, a melodrama, perhaps, set to music.

Walter Damrosch, to whom the score is dedicated, is reported to say, "This is a milestone in American opera," and the canny Gatti-Casazza, "departing from his customary silence," comments, "I think the opera is one that should succeed with the public."

Not to exclude the critics entirely, we let in Mr. Oscar Thompson of the New York *Evening Post* to speak on the point of which there is little gainsaying:

"The tumult and the shouting dies, but the opera must continue.

"On the cold gray dawn of the Monday morning after the Saturday première of a new American contribution to the lyric stage, it is possible to get out from under the mountain-heap of news facts, acknowledge forthwith that Deems Taylor's musical version of 'Peter Ibbetson' moved many to tears, that there were curtain recalls for the stage participants which ran into the thirties, that the composer confessed himself a very happy man, and was presented with a wreath, and that other and less spectacular tokens bespoke for his opera an immediate success.

"This done, there need be no further delay in coming to the essential point.

"Mr. Taylor has reason not only to be a very happy man but a very grateful one.

"A drama of exceptional sentimental appeal carried his music much further than it would have gone of its own allure.

"George du Maurier did much more for Taylor than Taylor was able to do for Du Maurier. The Metropolitan gave his opera every opportunity, casting it fortunately and mounting it elaborately.

"The combined results justified the composer's happiness. The success was an honest one, and unforced.

"Time alone can show whether repetitions will dull the edge of the pathos of the story, on the one hand, or add importance, on the other, to what at first hearing impressed us as a rather negligible score.

"Tho an emphatic hit, the play from which Mr. Taylor derived his libretto came and went.

"There are few exceptions to the rule that operas hold their position by reason of their music, and those few exceptions are debatable.

"It is something, however—perhaps, in effect, a long stride forward—that an American opera composer actually has found a successful book, since it may mean the beginning of the end of a tedious lament that our stage composers lack first of all a sense of the theater."

International Newsreel photograph

Miss Bori—A Radiant Duchess

Who solaced "Peter's" prison years by "dreaming true" with him.

Dancing to Death

"SHE DANCED HERSELF TO DEATH," said another famous *ballerina* when told of Pavlowa's passing.

The Diarist of the London *Evening Standard* tells us this and other less painful facts about the dancer whose loss will not soon be forgotten.

"Continual dancing at her age is very dangerous in that it puts such a strain on the heart that there is no reserve force," continued the other, who, we may assume, is wiser in her generation. "When any extra demand, through illness, is made on it, it just fails to respond."

To turn to things not funereal:

"I first met the great dancer some years before the war at a *fête champêtre* at her Golders Green house. Madame had an engagement at the Palace Theater at the time, and half artistic London was assembled in that garden, with its white swans (rather vicious toward strangers, by the way).

"She was prevailed upon to dance—an exquisite treat it was—and Herman Finck conducted the small orchestra.

"It was an intensely hot afternoon, and after the performance she handed Finck a tumbler of yellow liquid. 'Orangeade,' she murmured, with her most charming smile. 'Orangeade?' said the perspiring Finck. 'What I need is first aid!'

"The famous squabble between Pavlowa and Mordkin was, as the late Theodore Stier, for many years her musical director, explains in his book, due to the latter's jealousy. Pavlowa was temperamental, but she was ice-cold compared with Mordkin, who was always complaining that her name was advertised in bigger letters than his own.

"One night, at a perfectly tranquil supper party, Mordkin suddenly picked up the menu, banged it down in front of her, and sprang to his feet, quivering with rage.

"'There you are,' he shouted, with a vibrating forefinger. 'Now you see! Frogs' legs à la Pavlowa! Always it is yourself! Where is there frogs' legs à la Mordkin? Where is anything eatable à la Mordkin? Tell me that.'

"And he departed, sobbing, to bed.

"But Pavlowa herself was, as I have said, temperamental. It was her artistic emotion which was responsible for the slaps administered to partners who made what seemed to her to be a mistake. And that little right hand was strong, too!

"But she had the warm heart and typical generosity of the Slav.

"The obituary notices give her age as forty-five; actually she was forty-eight. But then Kseshinskaia, the idol of prewar Petrograd, was dancing in three-act ballets at the age of forty-six.

"The record, however, is surely held by Geltzer, the present *prima ballerina* of Soviet Russia.

"This wonderful woman danced as a *première danseuse* at the Czar's coronation in 1896. She must then have been twenty-four. To-day she is therefore nearing the sixties. There is not a wrinkle in her face and she still dances with the fire and abandon of sixteen.

"One of the prettiest compliments ever paid to Pavlowa was drawn from my late colleague George Mair.

"'The medieval philosophers,' he wrote, 'were hopelessly split by an argument as to how many angels could dance on the point of a needle.

"'The answer is, "One"—and her name is Pavlowa.'"

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Now for a Futurist Palate

MARINETTI, THE FOUNDER OF FUTURISM, is irrepressible.

He began with futurizing the fine arts; and in the process advocated the destruction of Italy's ancient art.

Now he has turned upon the Italian cuisine, bringing cooking into the realm of the fine arts.

Indomitable he showed himself in the past when an audience, gathered to hear him expound his theories, finally turned to bombarding him and his associates on the stage with the conventional vegetables. When the point of exasperation was reached, Marinetti and his friends gathered up the oranges and turnips and turned the bombardment on the audience!

What will he do if Italians refuse to give up macaroni and spaghetti at his behest?

J. J. Brousson informs us, in *La Dépêche* (Toulouse), of Marinetti's effort to "futurize" food:

"Upon the occasion of the reopening of a famous cabaret, 'La Penna d'Occa,' the poet passed in review all the dishes which have made Italian chefs famous throughout the entire world. And as he spoke of each, he distributed praise—and blame.

"He regarded each and every one from the point of view of futurism.

"It is, for him, not a question of nourishing any one with anything; not a question of filling the stomach or tickling the palate. He strives to reach the soul by means of the throat, to render it more spiritual, more dynamic—in short, more 'futuristic.' 'Tell me what you eat, and I shall tell you what you are.'

"According to Bacon, all revolutions have come through the stomach. Why do the English dominate the seas? It is because of the pink clover which is fed to their cattle. The excellent roast beef, beefsteaks, and other succulent meats which they eat, make their souls those of conquerors.

"Certain great men with culinary and philosophic pretensions can claim the subtlety of their minds and the depth of their erudition because of the storms occasioned in their stomachs by cabbage flooded with beer. Frankfurters and sauerkraut! Possibly they discover, in this fermentation, the reasons for German imperialism, just as they see the prime motives of Sovietism in caviar and vodka.

"M. Marinetti, academician and futurist, approves of 'rizzotto à la milanaise' and does not disdain minestrone (vegetable soup). But the leader of futurism pronounces a relentless anathema against spaghetti and macaroni.

"Spaghetti and macaroni! We can not think of an ultramontane mouth without its serpents of flour and cheese. We think of them as the emblem of the Irredentists! But we are greatly in error. 'Down with spaghetti and macaroni,' M. Marinetti has decreed. They make people stout. 'Down with stout people.'"

WILL this excommunication be observed by all Italians? asks Mr. Brousson,

"Not by those living in France, for here they have specialized in food. And, above all else, they offer us the products of their native land.

"The last word in their shops, garlanded with sausages, hams from Parma, and pimentos, is fresh spaghetti, fresh macaroni. In order to obey the poet, must they needs strip their show windows? But, no. This only applies to Italians.

"It matters little to them whether or not we grow fat, as long as they earn money in metamorphosizing us into poussahs! Pythagoras advised his disciples to abstain from eating beans.

"Now, if you see some one rejecting a dish of macaroni with every sign of disgust, do not say, 'He is a fool.' Say, 'He is a futurist.'"

Germania (Berlin) further informs us that Marinetti contends for pills and powders as the truly esthetic forms of food. They are produced by chemistry as safe nourishment, and they should be distributed free to all by the Government. For, if people understood the truly esthetic aspects in which edibles should present themselves, nobody worthy of the name of esthete would degrade himself by contact with the hideous shapes assumed by food nowadays:

"Macaroni will never do for the Italians.

"It runs counter to the passionately generous spirit of the Neapolitans.

"It is inconsistent with the genius of the rest of the Italian people, who are inspired orators, subtle lawyers, and accomplished agriculturists.

"For the eating of macaroni fosters that satirical skepticism which slips the wings of enthusiasm.

"The time spent in dining could be employed otherwise in recreation, in intellectual pursuits, and in the enjoyment of artistic impressions.

"The intellectual and moral laxity of the period in which we live may be traced very directly to the thought, or the waste of it, occasioned by preparation for the processes of a futile degustation and a superfluous deglutition. . . .

"To sum it all up, the art of the kitchen has not kept pace with the other arts, to say nothing of the sciences."

Marinetti's campaign, we are told, brought the Fascists to the point of panic. "Nevertheless, Mussolini made Marinetti a member of the Italian Academy. With that promotion he did not alter."

Shared in 36 Curtain Calls

Edward Johnson, who sang "Peter Ibbetson."

The Cover

WE romanticize the Indian while we neglect his human needs.

We don't charge the artist, Jack Van Ryder, with the latter part of the statement; the cover may stand for his devotion to the former.

What is romance to us was hard reality, tho, to the cowmen, as this note on the picture tells:

"In the early 'eighties the cowmen of the north found that they could buy cattle very cheap in the lower country that borders around the Rio Grande. They took great risks, and often most of their cattle were stampeded by young braves, who frightened them by waving blankets over their heads. This episode is, I think, about the most romantic period of the early frontier outside of the Pony Express. This story was told me about twenty-two years ago by old Packsaddle Jack on the Cheyenne Reservation."

VAN RYDER, cowboy, rodeo rider, and painter, has given three picture exhibitions in the East, and on the occasion of the last he wrote the following account of himself:

"Most of the subjects for my pictures are either interpretations of stories I have heard around camp-fires or things that were either my good or bad luck to see.

"My life has not been easy, but all through the years when my worldly belongings were my bed and saddle-horse and a war-bag, and I followed the lone trails of the open country from outfit to outfit from Canada to the Mexican Line, and then across to the Western Coast, the faith of my many friends has been my biggest help toward the realization of that dream that has ever been before me.

"I always had friends when I had nothing else, and that is a lot. They are of all walks of life. Some are within the law, and there are some who are not. I have been lucky, and people have overlooked many things in my work. Mostly the bad things."

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In Defense of the Missionaries

"I DON'T BELIEVE IN MISSIONARIES," sneers the man who probably has never visited a mission or seen a missionary.

He believes the heathen are a lot better off left as they are, and that their own religions suit them best.

The only missionary he knows is the one pictured in comic periodicals—a cadaverous individual, wearing a stovepipe hat and a frock coat too short in the sleeves, and carrying a bulging umbrella in one hand and a hymn-book in the other. He also believes that education should stop short of the Negro, that the Japanese are dishonest, and the French frivolous.

It is hard to say why or how such a low opinion of foreign missions got started in the United States, writes Dr. Henry A. Perkins in *The American Mercury*. It was not the fashion to think in that way fifty years ago.

"But now, tho foreign missions had a very respectable beginning with St. Paul, tho we owe to Jesuit missions much of the early exploration and development of the continent, and tho we have been ourselves a great missionary people, one hears continually that missions are harmful—first, because they unsettle the lower classes; second, because they introduce customs and diseases which are destructive of primitive peoples; third, because they give the native a religion to which he is not suited; and fourth, because missionaries live luxurious lives, not in harmony with the ideals of a religion of self-sacrifice."

Photographs by courtesy of the American Bible Society, New York

For God So Loved Them, Too

And through the translation made by a missionary and his wife these Indians of Guatemala may now read that wonderful message of hope in their own tongue.

Now, Dr. Perkins is not a missionary.

He is professor of physics at Trinity College, Hartford. He has done important research work in the field of electricity. He is an enthusiastic mountain-climber and a landscape painter of considerable ability. He is prominent in the various civic and philanthropic enterprises in Hartford. He has been president of the American School for the Deaf since 1913, and is a director of the Phenix Mutual Life Insurance Company.

His present article is the fruit of a sabbatical tour around the world.

"Actually," writes Dr. Perkins, "missionaries are as varied in ability and character as the rest of us, tho, considering the altruistic purpose of their job, they are as a whole somewhat more unselfish than we are, and as they must learn, and learn thoroughly, one or more difficult foreign languages, they may average a little higher in intelligence than those whose only speech is American."

They have gone out to China, India, and Africa because they are "old-fashioned enough to believe that child marriage, exposing superfluous infants to die, devil worship, and so on, do not contribute to the happiness of a people."

They not only convert the heathen. They aim to educate the people, and Dr. Perkins tells us of the countless schools, colleges and even universities founded and supported by missionary effort. Women are trained in improving their homes, in the care of their children and in all forms of hygiene.

Medical missions, too, with all their beneficent activities, are the direct result of the evangelistic spirit.

Farmers are taught improved methods of cultivation and stock breeding.

Now, what of the objections to missionary effort? Do missions unsettle the lower classes?

"Of course they do," replies Dr. Perkins:

"That, in fact, is one of their proudest boasts.

"They make the ignorant eager for knowledge, and knowledge is always unsettling. They make them want better homes, with more pay to provide for them.

"To prefer cleanliness to dirt, wholesome food and enough of it to a few beans or a handful of rice, is awfully disturbing to the status quo. Small wonder that those who employ native labor in China, India, Java or Angola complain bitterly of the evil influence of the missions! It makes all the difference whether you want to get something out of the native at the lowest possible cost, or whether you want to give him something that is going to make him better, regardless of cost.

"Of course, if one really believes that people who are used to grinding poverty, pestilence, and famine are better off as they are, then there is nothing further to be said. But if one admits that these things are always and everywhere evils, then one must regard the dissatisfaction which results from a desire for better living conditions, better food and better health as a necessary consequence, tho more or less temporary, of a justifiable effort to create a self-respecting people, able to take its proper place among the brotherhood of nations."

It is commonly charged that missionaries introduced diseases along with the gospel, and that they insisted on standards and manners for which the natives were unfitted.

But, points out Dr. Perkins, strong drink and various kinds of depravity were introduced by the traders, and "since the worst features of our culture were inevitable, the importation of a few of our better standards and ideas through the missionary was the least that could be done by way of recompense."

And "one should forgive something to those pioneers who longed for homelike surroundings, and remember that they gave all they had, even life itself, for an ideal."

Another criticism of the missionaries is that they are too much out of sympathy with what is good and valuable in the other world faiths. But Dr. Perkins points out that "their tenets are now taught in the best theological schools, wherever the better type of missionaries receive training."

But, lofty as these religions may be in their primitive purity, they lack, maintains Dr. Perkins, one or more essential features of an ideal religion:

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"Buddha's teachings were atheistic.

"Confucianism is really not a religion at all, but a system of morals.

"Hinduism is grossly polytheistic, and Mohammedanism is obviously lacking in the higher forms of spirituality.

"Even with such limitations, these creeds at their best can produce fine qualities of character and conduct and true beauty of soul among some of their adherents. But these form a meager religious aristocracy in contrast to Christianity, with its power over all grades of intelligence and all social strata."

FINALLY, what of the luxuries with which the missionary is said to surround himself?

A fur coat, observes Dr. Perkins, might be a luxury in New York, but it would be a necessity in Alaska or Labrador, and no one accuses Dr. Grenfell of luxurious living because he wears furs in Newfoundland and Labrador.

So—

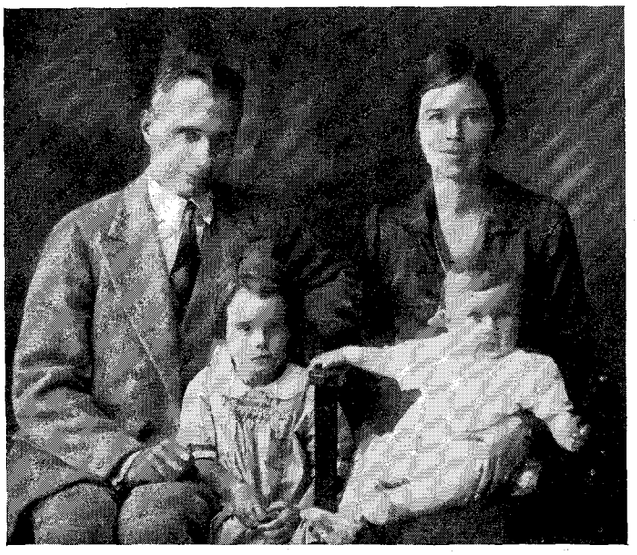
"What seem like luxuries in America may be grim necessities in China, especially for a missionary with a family. The family undoubtedly complicates the situation, and justifies to some extent the claim that Rome is right in sending out her celibate priests and members of monastic orders, who never expect to return, and who learn to live very much as the natives do, sharing their poverty and having no conflicting claims upon their time or sympathies.

"There is something superb in this utter self-abnegation. It seems more truly Christlike than the other method, and undoubtedly at times produces results otherwise unattainable.

"But something very real and valuable is sacrificed in this way.

"The missionary family is a wonderful object-lesson to the native. It shows him the respect and consideration with which we treat our women, it gives him a new light on the upbringing of children, on sanitation in the home, and on all that goes to make for domestic happiness, not to mention the work among native women which the wife is able to accomplish. The Catholic missionaries can only teach these lessons in theory, but the Protestants have a working laboratory, which is much more enlightening. Object-lessons are always the most effective.

"It would be well if both kinds could be represented by both churches, I believe, and certainly Protestants ought to applaud the devoted service of Catholic missionaries, who are able to further the cause in regions and under conditions almost impossible for married men, while the Catholics ought to recognize the value of the mission family as a powerful influence for good among backward peoples, and the importance of the missionary's wife as a worker."



In the Path of St. Paul

The Rev. and Mrs. H. Dudley Peck, who are giving the Gospel to Central American Indians in their native language. They are shown with their children.

The Word in Nearly Every Tongue

"KUN ICTSUNJU ULAKJTANMI Dios quij xjal."

No, it isn't pied type.

It's the beginning of that well-loved verse of John 3:16 translated into Mam, a primitive speech of some 200,000 Indians in Guatemala.

Mam is the 887th language into which the Bible has been translated, wholly or in part, according to Dr. Eric McCoy North, general secretary of the American Bible Society.

The Bible may now be read in almost every known vernacular, including Gaelic, Icelandic, Zulu, many African, Philippine, and Indian dialects, and Esperanto, Dr. North says further in an interview with Edwin M. Lanham of the New York *Evening Post*.

The Mam translation was done by the Rev. and Mrs. H. Dudley Peck, assisted by an old native who knew Spanish, and was published by the Mission Press at Quezaltenango, Guatemala.

A Bearer of Good News

Aniceto Velasquez, a native Guatemalan, who helped translate the Bible for his people.

THE task was enormously difficult, for, we read, Mr. and Mrs. Peck and their native aid, Aniceto Velasquez, not only had to invent symbols for the various sounds in Mam, and search out the exact words to express their meaning, but also had to teach the Indians how to read.

The Indians of Central America speak a hundred or more languages, and Mam, the most ancient branch of the Mayan family-tree of tongues, abounding with guttural and explosive sounds, is only the eleventh to be partially translated.

Only by dint of the greatest labor, Dr. North told his interviewer, could the translators progress at the rate of a chapter a day, and Velasquez, the Indian aid, who had studied for three years at a Bible institute, walked 940 miles from his home in the hills in the course of the work.

Asked by his interviewer whether translations of the Bible might eventually lead to some universal language, such as Esperanto, Dr. North cited a "classic example," illustrating how members of a tribe speaking different dialects had been brought together by a translation of the New Testament:

"In Iboland, an area in Nigeria that extends from the mouth of the Niger to the Cross River, there are some four million inhabitants, who are divided into thirty or more tribes, each of which speaks a different dialect, that of one tribe being practically unintelligible to another.

"Translations had been begun by various missions, each in a different dialect, so that a veritable Babel seemed about to result, had not the happy idea occurred to Archdeacon Dennis of the Church Missionary Society to make the translation in a language that would be common to all dialects.

"As a result members of each different tribe were called in to aid the Archdeacon in the work, which occupied eight arduous years. The result was called 'Union Ibo,' and was not recognized by any of the thirty tribes as being their dialect.

"They criticized it and disclaimed it, but they also understood it, and that was the end the Archdeacon had hoped to accomplish. He met their demurs with the request that they

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give it a fair trial, and distributed tens of thousands of the translations. Before long the tribes found themselves using words from the new language in conjunction with their own dialect, then they began to use 'Union Ibo' more and more, and now it is the common tongue of Iboland."

A Christian Preacher for Jews

PASTORS, PRIESTS, AND RABBIS filled in for each other when men were "going West" on the battlefields of France, and here in Connersville, Indiana, was a Jewish congregation seeking a leader and a place to meet.

It came about in their emergency that they found both ready to their hand—in the First Methodist Episcopal church.

His Brother's Keeper

The Rev. S. L. Martin, a Methodist minister, who accepts a call to preach to pastorless Jews.

The story of this brotherhood in God begins in France, but it doesn't take long in the telling, as Lee S. Jarrett sets it down in *Zion's Herald*, a Boston Methodist weekly.

Last fall a Jewish group in Connersville, under the leadership of I. V. Friedman, asked permission to use the First Methodist church. They wanted as their speaker a certain rabbi who had been blinded in the World War. The Methodist pastor, the Rev. S. L. Martin, arranged the meeting. On the day set Rabbi Michael Aaronsonn, who has charge of the department of school and synagog extension in a Jewish college in Cincinnati, sat beside Mr. Martin in the latter's church.

One word led to another, as they say, and there was some pleasurable excitement when it developed that rabbi and pastor had served in the same division, and that they had been in the same battle of the Argonne in which the rabbi was so sorely wounded. In fact, Mr. Martin buried the "boys" who "went West" that day.

Then Rabbi Aaronsohn made a suggestion. Why not plan to have regular meetings such as they had just had, and have Mr. Martin preach for them? And we read:

"The people talked over the rabbi's idea.

"It appealed to them.

"The Jewish people in Richmond also had no synagog, and they would join with the Connersville people in these meetings. They asked Mr. Martin if he would preach for them.

"Here was a real challenge—a group of Jewish people asking a Christian minister to act as their preacher—and Mr. Martin accepted the challenge.

"These Jewish people are loyal to their faith.

"They have been holding their own meetings and conducting their religious school in their various homes each week. This practise they will continue; but, in addition, they are launching out upon this other venture of faith and fellowship."

THE Methodist minister, writes Mr. Jarrett, has been studying and carefully preparing for his part in the great adventure. In fact—

"His knowledge and appreciation of the Jews and their contribution to our culture and religious beliefs, he says, is growing rapidly.

"And what a ministry he may have!

"Not a fraction of a degree will he have to vary from the line of his Christian preaching as he speaks to his new congregation concerning the glory and wonder of Israel's God, and reechoes the thunder of their mighty prophets in whose spirit and teachings the mind of Jesus was so thoroughly steeped.

"It would not be telling the whole story, however, if we failed to mention the fact that Mr. Martin's congregation shares liberally in this adventure."

Decency Returning to the Stage

THE PRINCIPAL "APPEAL" OF A SHOW opened recently in Washington was indecency in lines, scenes and situations.

The producers frankly admitted their intention of shocking Broadway as it never had been shocked before.

Disgusting as the show was in the Washington theater, it was made still more offensive before it opened in New York.

This time, however, says the Washington *Post*, which gives us the information, the New York critics gave the production the most meager, uncomplimentary notice, and the people failed to support it. The show was a dismal failure.

Heralding this as evidence that the reign of indecency in the theater is drawing to a close, *The Post* thinks it "probable that the producers have learned their lesson. They may be expected to turn their attention now to productions that are not offensive to good taste and common decency."

He Finds a Brother

Rabbi Michael Aaronsohn, who suggested a Christian preacher for a Jewish congregation.

Another bit of evidence is cited by the Washington paper:

"Recently there appeared in another Washington theater a singer whose stage material was of the most obnoxious nature. When the house manager attempted to censor her act, she walked off the stage. This singer has recently been appearing in a Mid-Western theater where similar complaints were made.

"These complaints reached the ears of the booking-agent in New York, who, under a clause in her contract giving him the right to censor songs, canceled her contract and brought her back to New York. This singer, it is said, will never again be allowed to appear in this particular chain of theaters.

"When managers and producers undertake to keep their entertainers under restraint it is a good sign that a new dispensation in the theater is about to come into being. The clean-up, if it is on its way, is directly due to the fact that the public, disgusted with conditions as they have prevailed in recent years, is prepared to boycott objectionable productions."

Hospitals a Major Industry

MORE money is invested in hospitals of the United States than in either the lumber or the paper and printing industries, according to a report by Dr. C. Rufus Rorem, published by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care.

The report, summarized by *Better Times*, New York's welfare magazine, estimates the total value of hospitals, plants, and equipment at $3,125,123,000, showing hospitals to be a major industry. The annual cost of the 7,310 hospitals in the country is $900,000,000, or nearly one-third of the total yearly expenditures of the Federal Government.

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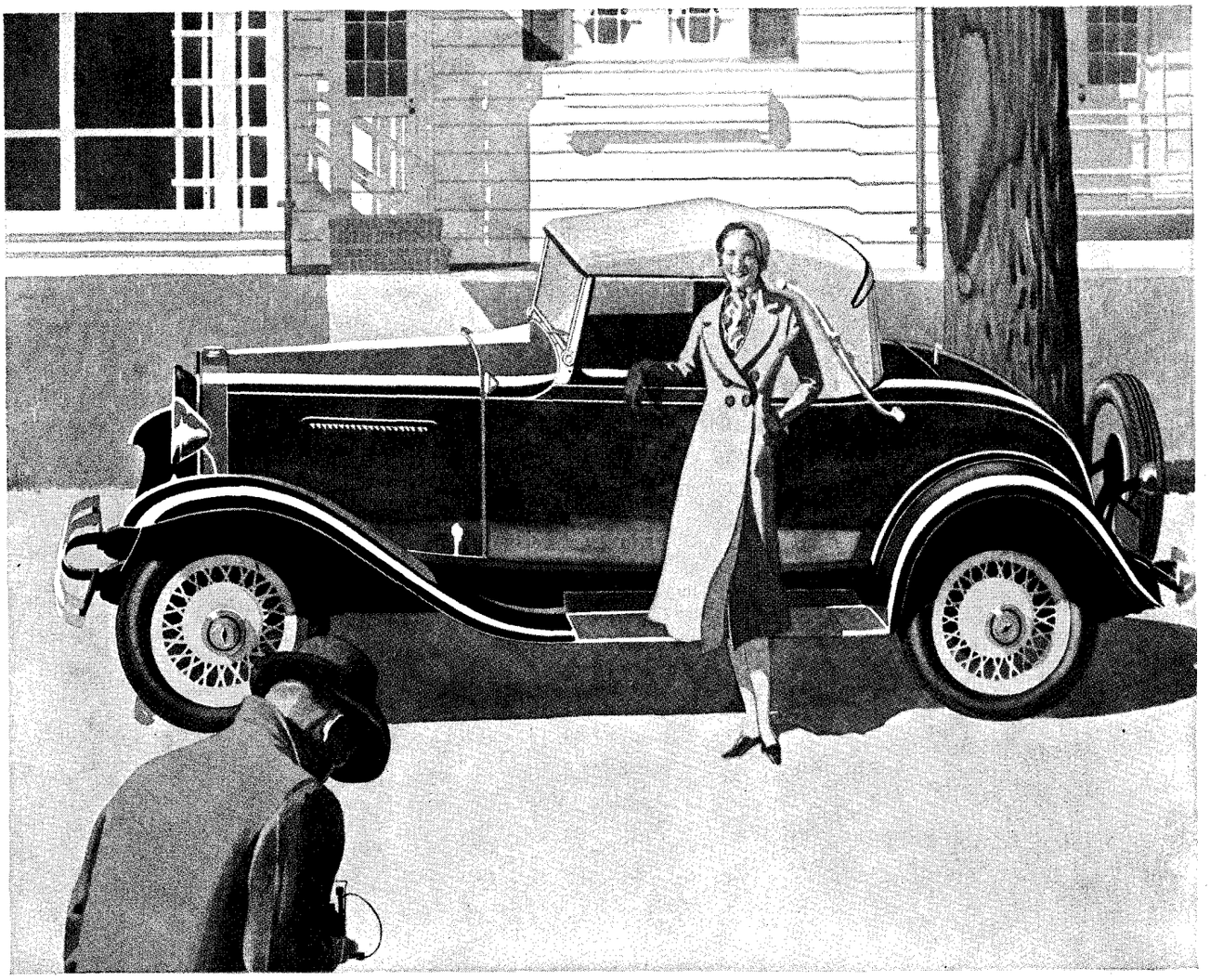

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Backsliding Weight-Reducers

HOW EASY IT IS to reduce in weight, and how easier still it is to put on flesh again, if not careful, is strikingly shown by a recent test described in the *Statistical Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (New York).

The poet Vergil tells us that "the descent into Avernus is easy," but that it's a hard job to get back. In weight-reduction, however, one may return even more quickly than one went.

Says *The Bulletin*, in a leading article:

"The self-discipline required to maintain a permanent reduction of weight is evidently too severe for most overweights, who, generally, are inclined to self-indulgence.

"Such is the conclusion which may be drawn from the results of a course in weight-reduction for its overweight employees, conducted by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Beginning in 1923, overweight employees at the Home Office of the Company were given the opportunity to attempt to reduce weight under the guidance of a physician. There were 294 employees who took advantage of this offer. The treatment consisted almost entirely of dietary restriction, combined with carefully directed exercises. In a few cases thyroid extract was used for a short time. At the end of the course in reduction, which lasted from a few weeks to several months, according to the individual, 237, or 81 per cent. of the employees, had lost weight, but 19 per cent. showed no reduction. For those who did lose, the average reduction was fifteen pounds. About one-seventh of the group, mostly among those excessively overweight, lost thirty pounds or more.

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"These employees were followed up for five years after the completion of treatment. At the end of the first year there were 224 of the original 294 available for examination. Only 32 per cent. had continued to lose weight; on the average they had lost ten pounds during treatment and four pounds during the year after treatment. The majority, however, had regained weight; these employees had lost during treatment an average of 16.9 pounds, but regained during the following year an average of 9.7 pounds, or over half the amount lost. On the other hand, it was true, generally, that the least gain during the first year was shown by those who lost most during treatment and by those who were most overweight.

"At the end of the fifth year, the results are as follows: Of 193 persons, whose records were available, only 21 per cent. showed a further loss of weight five years after treatment. This group had lost an average of ten pounds during treatment and nine pounds more in the ensuing five years. The rest, who had lost an average of sixteen pounds during treatment, regained eighteen pounds in the ensuing five years, or over 10 per cent. more weight than they had lost during treatment."

THERE was, however, we are told, one favorable outcome of this experiment. In the original group were thirty-three persons with some serious physical impairment, mostly high blood-pressure and heart disease. Of these, seventeen were better five years after treatment than before. In the cases with hypertension, there has been uniformly an appreciable fall in the blood-pressure. All but two of these persons have maintained a considerably lower weight. We read further:

"Altogether, the results of this course in weight-reduction have encouraging as well as discouraging features. On the favorable side, it has been shown that it is easy for overweight individuals, under supervision, to carry out a weight-reduction program which is successful in bringing down their weight appreciably without impairing their efficiency or health. Furthermore, overweight individuals who reduce their weight by a considerable amount consistently reported a subjective improvement in their physical condition. A third important benefit was the distinct relief of the symptoms in those overweights who were afflicted with high blood-pressure and organic heart lesion. It is rather discouraging, on the other hand, to find that, out of a large group of otherwise normal people, the weight-reduction program, which was successfully carried out under medical supervision, was not maintained after the supervision was removed. It would appear, then, that continued medical guidance is necessary, if the excellent results obtained during treatment are to be maintained."

Ten Thousand Pocket-Knives a Day

BY MODERN METHODS of rapid mass-production this number is now turned out by one large American factory, and it is claimed that the quality is even superior to that of knives made by hand in the old way.

Automatic machines now take the place of all the hand-work of the old-time cutler. The process is described in *Steel* (Cleveland) by R. H. Simonds, associate editor. He writes:

"Former methods of finishing cutlery gradually are disappearing, altho a few plants still exist where old-time experienced cutlers, seated at large natural sandstone wheels, produce fine-edged cutlery and tools by hand.

"Large cutlery plants to-day are strictly modern, and in the transition from the hand method to the production machine method it was difficult at first to maintain the high quality standard set by old-time cutlers.

"However, the development of mechanical equipment has been so rapid during recent years that many plants claim to have increased the quality of their product coincident with the development of modern mass production methods. The Remington Arms Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut, now produces more than 10,000 pocket-knives a day, with nearly all operations on automatic or semiautomatic machines, and with the quality of the product better than heretofore obtainable. The grinding of a pocket-knife blade for many years was considered strictly a hand operation, but it is accomplished now at the rate of 700 blades per hour per man on ingenious semiautomatic machines.

"Formerly skilled workmen were required to fit each blade to its individual handle, to make sure that it closed properly, and that it had the proper position when open.

"Now each component part is made accurately to dimensions on specially designed machines, and by workers who make nothing else but this. All parts are exactly alike to the thousandth of an inch, so that when they are assembled a perfect fit is assured without any grinding or trial and selection.

"The blade is the vital part of the piece, and unusual care is taken in its manufacture. The steel sheets are first cut into strips of the desired width on a large power shear. These strips then are cut into small pieces which have the approximate shape of the blade.

"The small blanks from this operation are placed on racks in small gas-fired furnaces, one of which is located near each hammer The forging is done between two flat-surfaced dies

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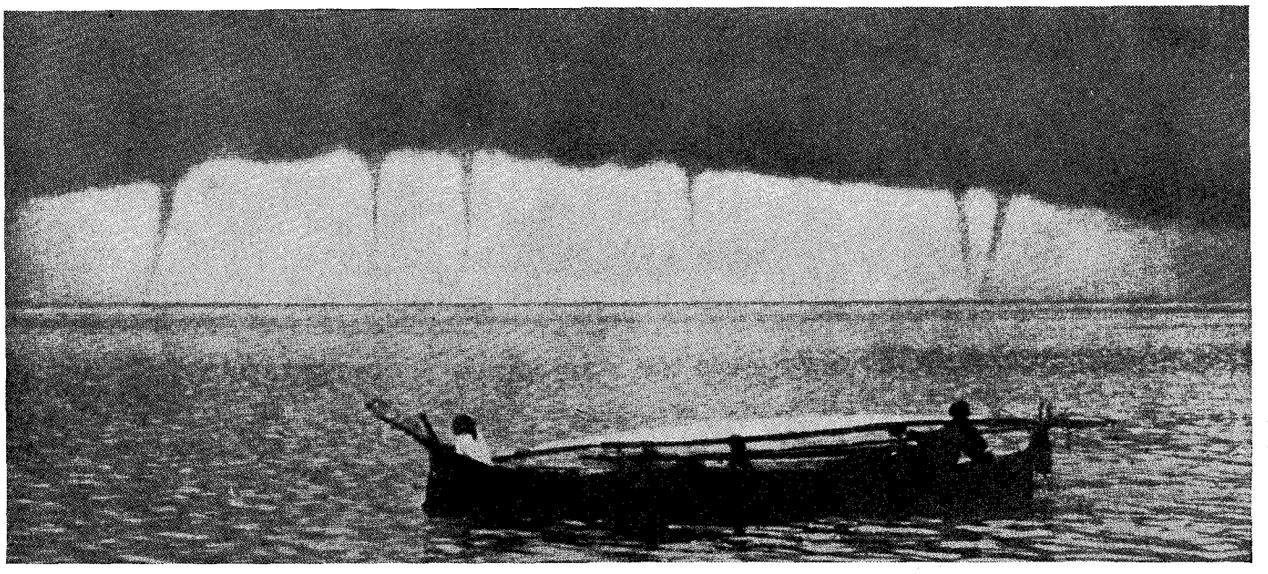

Oriental Prodigality in Waterspouts. Count the Half Dozen

set at a slight angle conforming to the taper of the blade. The operator must know just where to hold the piece between the dies, and just how many blows to give it. An experienced man will produce 300 pieces an hour. To attain this speed calls for motion study and careful arrangement of apparatus.

"The forged blades return to the stamping department where presses stamp out the exact shape of the finished blades, leaving an irregular edge which is blown off the die by compressed air. Experienced operators turn out over 1,000 blade stampings an hour.

"From the punch press the blades go to a semiautomatic piercing machine, where the holes for the rivets are pierced, and then while the steel is still soft, several grinding operations are performed.

"Success in manufacturing pocket-knives depends to a large extent on heat-treating methods. The heat process is rapid, and one man is able to harden 15,000 blades a day. Exhaust-pipes carry away the fumes, and an overhead fan supplies the operator with fresh air. Six hardening furnaces are used in the treatment of knife-blades, and in order to avoid interruption and keep the operators free from extraneous work, a service man is assigned on full time to look after the equipment, to test temperatures, and make any minor repairs which may be needed. The oil for quenching is circulated continuously through a central cleaning and cooling plant located in the basement of the building.

"The blades are tempered in a long revolving tubular gas-fired furnace, which is maintained at 550 degrees Fahrenheit, and revolves ten times per minute. The charge is mixed with silica sand, and is left in the furnace about fifteen minutes, after which the blades are ready for grinding and polishing, and finally go to the assembling room, where the springs, bolsters, and handles are assembled to make a complete unit. After assembling, other grinding and polishing operations follow, until eventually the knife reaches the final inspection department, and then passes on to the shipping room."

A New Seasoning from Japan

AN interesting condiment devised and marketed by Japanese chemists several years ago, and described in *The Industrial Bulletin* of Arthur D. Little, Inc. (Cambridge, Mass.), has come into wide usage throughout China and Japan, and is now making friends in this country. We read:

"Chemically, the material is sodium glutamate. It is made from the gluten or protein part of wheat by acid hydrolysis, followed by bleaching, neutralization, and crystallization. It is thus of vegetable origin, and does not violate the food proscriptions of any race or religion.

"Aji-no-moto is a white powder, looking like bicarbonate of soda, of such character that it keeps well and may be dispensed from a salt shaker.

"It has a faint but definite odor of rather strong cheese.

"The taste, however, is that of the red juice from roast beef: salty, 'meaty,' and appetizing.

"This condiment is the 'making' of chop suey and other Chinese dishes. It goes especially well with spaghetti and other vegetarian dishes, and makes them satisfying as well as filling.

"Its acquaintance is worth cultivating."

Six Waterspouts at Once

ONE is usually quite enough; but in the Orient prodigality is the rule. "Not long ago," says *L'Illustration* (Paris), from which we copy a picture of the scene, "a curious meteorological phenomenon was observed in the Sulu Sea, an Asiatic Mediterranean, between the Philippines and the north coast of Borneo.

"As shown in the photograph, a formidable storm, such as occur in the equatorial regions, is threatening." Reading on in the extremely interesting and dramatic account in the French paper:

"All at once, from the huge mass of black cloud that covered the vault of heaven almost entirely, were seen to descend toward the surface of the sea six dark tongues, clearly visible against the horizon, which was still clear.

"These cloudy cones were embryonic marine waterspouts; when they should reach nearly to the sea, the water, sucked up by the whirling motion of the atmosphere, would rise, and meeting the descending tongue of cloud would form the 'spout.' The cloud-cones, shown at the extreme right and left of the picture, have nearly reached this stage."

A Soldier's Theory of That Fatal Belgian Fog

IT rose from a poisoned river, thinks a correspondent of THE DIGEST, writing from Woods Mills, Antwerp, New York, and fortifying his opinion with some war-time experiences.

"That mysterious blanket of fog that came along to the Meuse Valley section of France and Belgium, carrying death with it, will remain a mystery unless the waters round about are analyzed for some poisonous substances such as arsenic, or chloral hydrate; in France's soil and rivers mystery continues to lurk," he tells us as he writes on, elaborating his extremely interesting theory. We are told, as we read on:

"I remember, when we were there during the war, we were forbidden to bathe in a river of the same name—Meuse. We were told that to swim in the river was death, for when you went in, and came out, you would be taken with cramps and die. Well, that's just what happened; some did.

"Now, then, it must have been arsenic, for only arsenic would give you painful cramps such as that; but, if the people died without a struggle, then it was because of chloral hydrate, which, when inhaled in vapor or gets into the pores through bathing, cuts the circulation completely, and you fall asleep and die without pain or a struggle."

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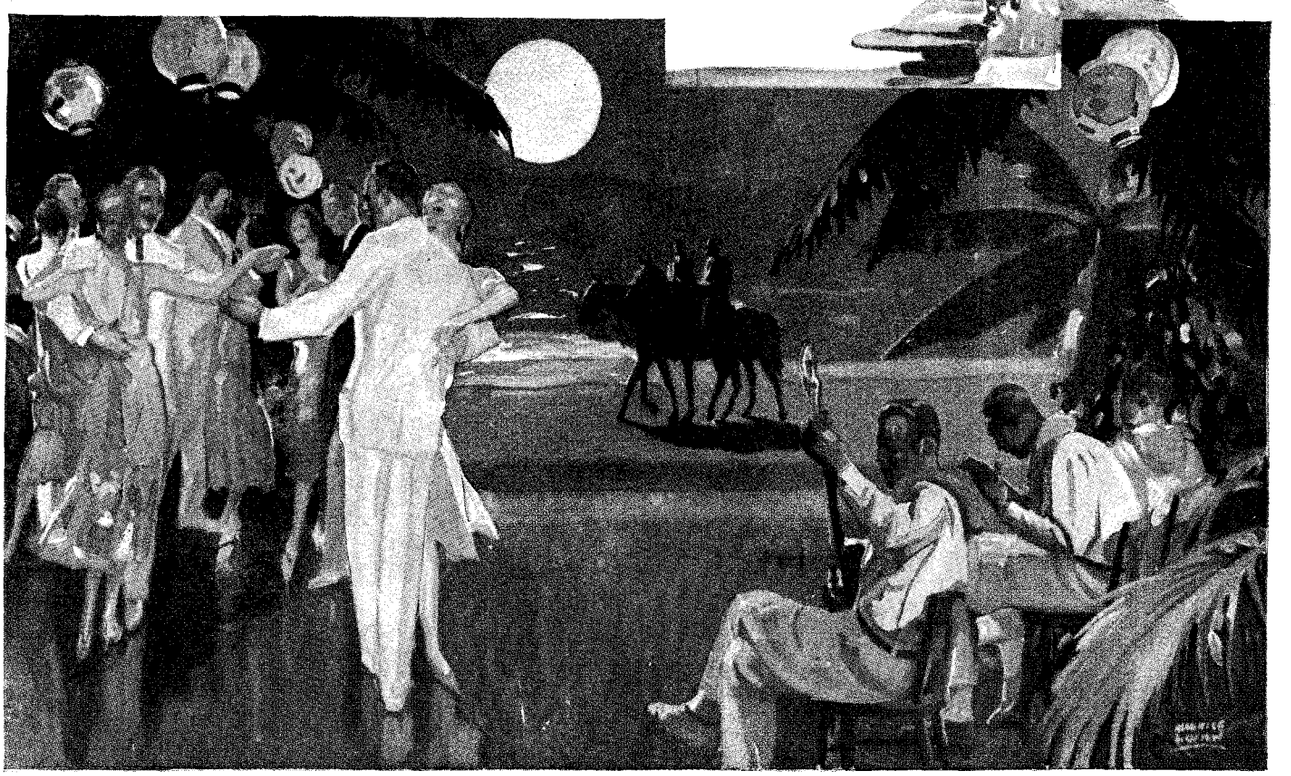
Through the moonlight down a path of coral sand..

The speeding surfboard. Only Waikiki's crests know this royal sport.



New thrills in your favorite sport in Hawaii. Riding? Have you ever galloped through the moonlight . . . down a path of coral sand? Golf? Play on courses where rainbows and flame trees are hazards. Hiking? Here it is exploring. And swimming, the sport of kings.

Hawaii Nights! Hawaiian moon. And it's not a moon to be trifled with. It is potent...bewitching. It dominates the night and the dance . . . (just to look is an adventure). Moonlight on the water, starlight on the mountains. Tables under the palms. Leis of gardenias, plumerias, ginger blossoms . . . The whispering drag of the surf.

Rest on the velvet cushion of a tropic breeze. Soft winds from across the cool Pacific, washed by a million waves. They come with the stolen fragrance of a thousand flowers to untie your every mean and worried thought. Let go . . . you'll float . . . they whisper . . . forget . . .

Pagan Gods, they who built Hawaii, laughed while they worked. And a delightfully strange land they have left you. With sands that bark. Fish that fly. Flowers that bloom in the night. Rainbows without rain. Snow capped peaks that look down upon coco palms, pineapple and papaia . . .

The one thing Hawaii's creators forgot was *seasons*. May Day is Lei Day. And you'll find May almost every month. And winter has always been *Kapu* (taboo).

Cost? You can base the estimate of the cost of your trip on the following figures: *All-inclusive-cost*. All-expense tours from Pacific Coast ports and return, can be enjoyed for less than $350—some even less than $300—with good accommodations afloat and ashore. No finer ships than those that sail between Los Angeles, San Francisco and Hawaii. For complete information and Hawaii literature write:

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CURRENT POETRY

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THERE may be some subtle irony in this, but we prefer to read it as delicious nonsense with obligations to Gertrude Stein as well as the apologies mentioned below. It is from *The New Statesman* (London):

CHRISTMAS ILLUMINATIONS

BY HERBERT E. PALMER

(With apologies to T. S. Eliot, Laura Riding and certain Imagists.)

I have noticed
That in the poetry of T. S. Eliot
The chief animal symbol is a monkey,
Though obscure,
Because it sometimes looks like a bone.
And I have further noticed
That in the poetry of Laura Riding
The chief animal symbol is a spider,—
Or a woman.
(Though the word spider occurs more than twenty times in four pages.)
But in the poetry of Edith Sitwell
Which speedeth her well
It is a unicorn
And royally born.
O, my children, why have ye piped unto me!
And I have further noticed
That in my own poetry
It is a wolf—
A very vicious, complex and contradictory beast,—
Though it is sometimes a lion.
Which is a pity.
Because nobody to-day loves lions.
I have noticed, Oh I have noticed!
Because I have noticed I have noticed
That I have noticed.
I
Have . . . . .
Spots, dots,
Five of them . . . . .
The lion and the unicorn were fighting for the crown,
The lion chased the unicorn all round the town.
Some gave them green grass and some gave them brown,
Some gave them apple-sauce and—knocked the lion down.
Which wasn't fair.
Though somebody spoke about it.
And a voice came out of a cloud, crying,
"The unicorn was originally a starved rhinoceros
Which ran about wildly
To make itself thin."
But I have noticed that royalty often springs from vulgar origins.
O, my children, why have ye piped unto me!
The infant mortality for the year nineteen-thirty is the lowest on record
Because
Because so few were born.
The lion and the unicorn were fighting for the crown,
Someone beat a cooking-pot and knocked the lion down.
Which was the end of that chapter.
And a great darkness came over the face of the land
And covered the tail of the unicorn.

THE *Welsh Outlook* argues the age-old problem of beauty, and gives it a new claim to veneration:

BEAUTY

BY LL. WYN GRIFFITH

This pattern we call Good and Ill
Is but the play of light and shade
  Upon a hill,
Born but to die with set of sun,
Foredoomed to birth when night is done.

His hand who held the Scales of Right
In iron days of Rome is dust
  Motes in the light
The sword that slew at his behest;
In his dread court the swallows nest.

Forgotten now the Evil wrought
In Egypt's town by darkbrowed kings,
  A thing of naught
The sorrow, sand-engulfed the tears,
But Beauty journeys down the years.

I know of naught can e'er outlive
This fleeting fashion in man's mind,
  Thi fugitive
Pursuit of Right and fear of Wrong,
Save golden echoes of an ancient song,

Or crystal words the poets write
To illume the darkness of a troubled heart,
  The cool delight
Of Venus rising from the deep,
The mirrored stars, a child asleep.

What then is Beauty but the thread
Of life that binds our days in thrall
  To years long dead,
To unborn hours, and of this Now
A phantom makes? Go pay thy vow!

NINETEEN-THIRTY acquired so many enemies in its course that, now it has gone, it deserves at least one encomium, and the Boston *Transcript* supplies it:

TO THE OLD YEAR

BY KATHERINE P. COWIN

So much that threatened ill has turned to good
That though these months have had their fill of pain,
I would not change the old year if I could.

So much we weakly feared has been withstood
And heart and hand been strengthened by the strain,
So much that threatened ill has turned to good.

Though bright the peaks on which we have not stood,
And sweet the goals that we did not attain,
I would not change the old year if I could.

Perhaps the world has grown in brotherhood
This year, and we have come to be more sane,
So much that threatened ill has turned to good.

Though many things have happened that we would
Not willingly repeat, I say again,
I would not change the old year if I could.

If new adventures beckon as they should
These twelve brief months have not passed by in vain.
So much that threatened ill has turned to good,
I would not change the old year if I could.

THE London *Nation and Athenæum* gives us this plaint of an exile from Oxford, we take it, who yet had roots in New England:

SPRING IN MASSACHUSETTS

BY F. W. BATESON

The furious month has leaped his lair
As in remembered Marches, where
  The watery moons of Cumnor
Linger on laurel and gothic stair;

And noons like these were those when I
Upcaught against the angry sky
  Saint Mary's chimes dispensing
Blessedest melody down the High.

The ice is black on Walden pond,
And black and broken every wand
  Of delicate birch and maple
Over by Salem and Lynn beyond.

It is the shut-time of the year,
Subduing me with daws and deer,
  And only Boreas scatters
Icicles over a frozen mere.

O land of rock and pool and pine,
Land of my fathers, not of mine,
  Will never your spring come shouting
"Whippoorwill, whippoorwill" down the line?

SINCE we know nothing of the thoughts or language of birds, the field is open for such fancies as Lord Dunsany's in *The Daily Express* (London):

THE DEBATE

BY LORD DUNSANY

Once in the autumn weather,
  Near night, I heard a brood
Of many rooks together
  Call from a distant wood.

So earnest was their call,
  So long in the late hour
When quiet was over all,
  And sleep on beast and flower,

So urgent and so late,
  That some portentous thing
Was weighed in their debate,
  To my imagining.

Some problem of the years
  That only guess can see;
Some matter of the ears
  Of wheat that is to be,

Some danger from the wind,
  Some terror from the cold,
Events the rooks divined
  With speeches manifold.

The aged and the wise,
  The ones with gaps in wings,
Look with farseeing eyes
  And plan to meet these things.

And Fate brings on their lot
  Unheedful of their plans,
Their lore regarding not,
  Just as she does with Man's.

WHILE Marshal Joffre was being carried to his tomb, the Boston *Transcript* offered this tribute to the great moment in the war for which he stands:

JOFFRE OF THE MARNE

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

Savior—not Saviour—of the world, wert thou!
What time from reeking ruins of Louvain
A military madness sought to whelm
Paris in doom; if Paris, France; if France,
Then all the world—there rose in might supreme
Thy spiritual saneness, patient and serene,
Prepared in Europe's unpreparedness,
Strong to resist the irresistible.

"Now it is time for this to stop!" It stopped.
All else was but a sequence. Other minds
Conceived great plans; and other wills resolved;
And other hands struck mighty blows; but thine—
Thine was the soul that animated all,
Joffre of the Marne, the savior of the world!

HERE is a sea song that sings. The singer may be riding in a liner, but his song might equally express the salt before the mast. In the New York *Evening Post:*

BAPTISM

BY WILFRED J. FUNK

I have gone, I have seen, I have known again
  The swift, sharp lurch and the long sea roll,
Steel ribs aching, wind-lashed rain
  Singing a saga at a black porthole.

Moonlight, starlight, Great Bear hung
  On a jet-black prow deep drunk with spray,
Drenched in thunder, white snow flung
In the silver of the moon on a wide seaway.

I'm washed clean, my sins purged white,
  Sharp, sweet air and salt-sweet foam,
I hold dreams of the Great North light,
  My heart's happy and I've turned home.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Charlie Chaplin Defies the Talkies

A SMART ROADSTER IS BEING DRIVEN along a street by a youngish man in a derby hat.

He has curly black hair, a mustache like a dab of charcoal, and eyes like a startled fawn's.

The street, the car, and the man are in filmland, and their

A Smoke! A Smoke! His Kingdom for a Smoke!

disclosure to the public is an event in the history of the motion-picture industry.

"Charles Chaplin hurled his challenge at the talkies," writes James Gow in the New York *World*, after an opening night at which the attendance of the star himself caused a stoppage of Broadway traffic.

"The foremost screen comedian and defender of silence has been two years in preparing this challenge," continues Mr. Gow. "As it was exposed to the public on the screen of the George M. Cohan last evening, it appeared to be in the nature of a triumph."

Here we return to the smart roadster; at the wheel sits the world's most famous clown, custard-pie artist, and conjuror of the unshed tear.

Charlie is evidently in luck to a certain extent, but we learn from his pantomime that he ardently desires a smoke, and his pockets don't contain the price of one.

Aha! He spots a man walking along the pavement smoking a fat perfecto. And now we see him carefully dogging that man's footsteps, steering the car at low speed and keeping his eloquent eyes on the cigar.

AT length the coveted perfecto, half-smoked, is tossed to the pavement. With glad alacrity the driver of the roadster leaps out and retrieves it. With what humble gusto our Charlie enjoys this fragrant gift of Providence!

Clowning of that sure-fire type, always with the subtle Chaplin touch, abounds in "City Lights," which the program describes as "a comedy-romance in pantomime: written, directed, and produced by Charles Chaplin." Mr. Gow gives us other examples. He confesses:

I was entirely too busy laughing at Mr. Chaplin to reflect much upon the absence of speech in "City Lights."

The picture presents the familiar character, the mad, fantastic little under-dog in baggy trousers and oversized shoes.

In that delicious, illogical world of Chaplin's own creation, the fellow has his moments of triumph, and in the end goes down to inglorious defeat. Thus the story is a familiar Chaplin outline.

For no other reason than that it is a familiar Chaplin pattern, "City Lights" is superb.

And for the same reason, the fact that "City Lights" is told by pantomime rather than by spoken dialog goes practically unnoticed in witnessing the picture.

There is a certain cosmic rightness in Chaplin's silence. As you howl at his ingeniously contrived humor, you feel no need of words.

The picture is perfect as a piece of cinematic construction. Without any question it justifies its silence.

The humor of "City Lights" is the humor of Mr. Chaplin.

It is quite indescribable stuff.

He has taken gags new and old, and so timed them before the camera that they are screamingly funny.

He eats spaghetti and gets it mixed up with paper streamers.

He consumes considerable time by falling off a quay into the river, climbing out, and, by some slight mishap, falling in again.

He engages in a prize-fight, handling his opponent in a sort of remote-control manner, and finally getting himself knocked out.

Clambering over an elaborate group of statuary, he accidentally impales himself by the baggy pants on the extended sword of a marble figure, and when a near-by band strikes up "The Star-Spangled Banner," he attempts miserably to stand upright.

BUT there is a more serious side that many critics find in Mr Chaplin's highly individual art; it is interpreted with sympathy and understanding in *The Wall Street Journal's* review, signed "R. G.," where we learn something of the story unfolded in "City Lights." Thus:

The principal figure in Charlie's hilarious encounters is a drunken millionaire whom he saves from suicide, and who gives him the money to send a blind girl to an optical specialist.

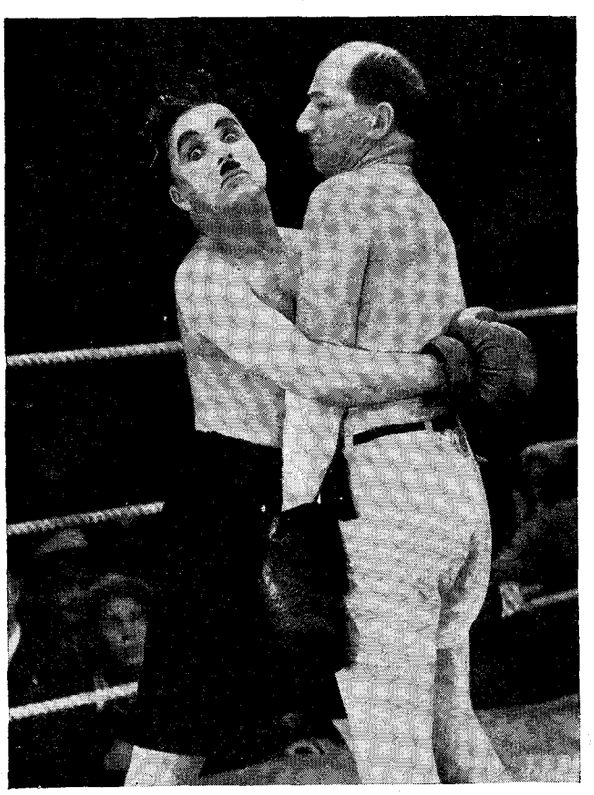
As this man's pal, he is introduced to many incongruous situations in which his clowning stands out in relief against a background of opulence.

The actor's genius is revealed in its most amazing magnitude in a tragic climax of surpassing beauty.

Following his brief excursion into the life of the socially elect, and a subsequently longer sojourn in jail because his millionaire friend does not recognize him when sober, Charlie returns to his familiar street-corner to be laughed at by newsboys.

As he turns the corner his attention is drawn to a florist's window, through which he recognizes the face of the girl he has befriended, and realizes that her sight has been restored.

The girl has always believed she was being helped by a wealthy gentleman. Far from recognizing him, she is amused by the little tramp's intense interest in her, and offers him a



As a Prize-fighter, Mr. Chaplin Is a Wow

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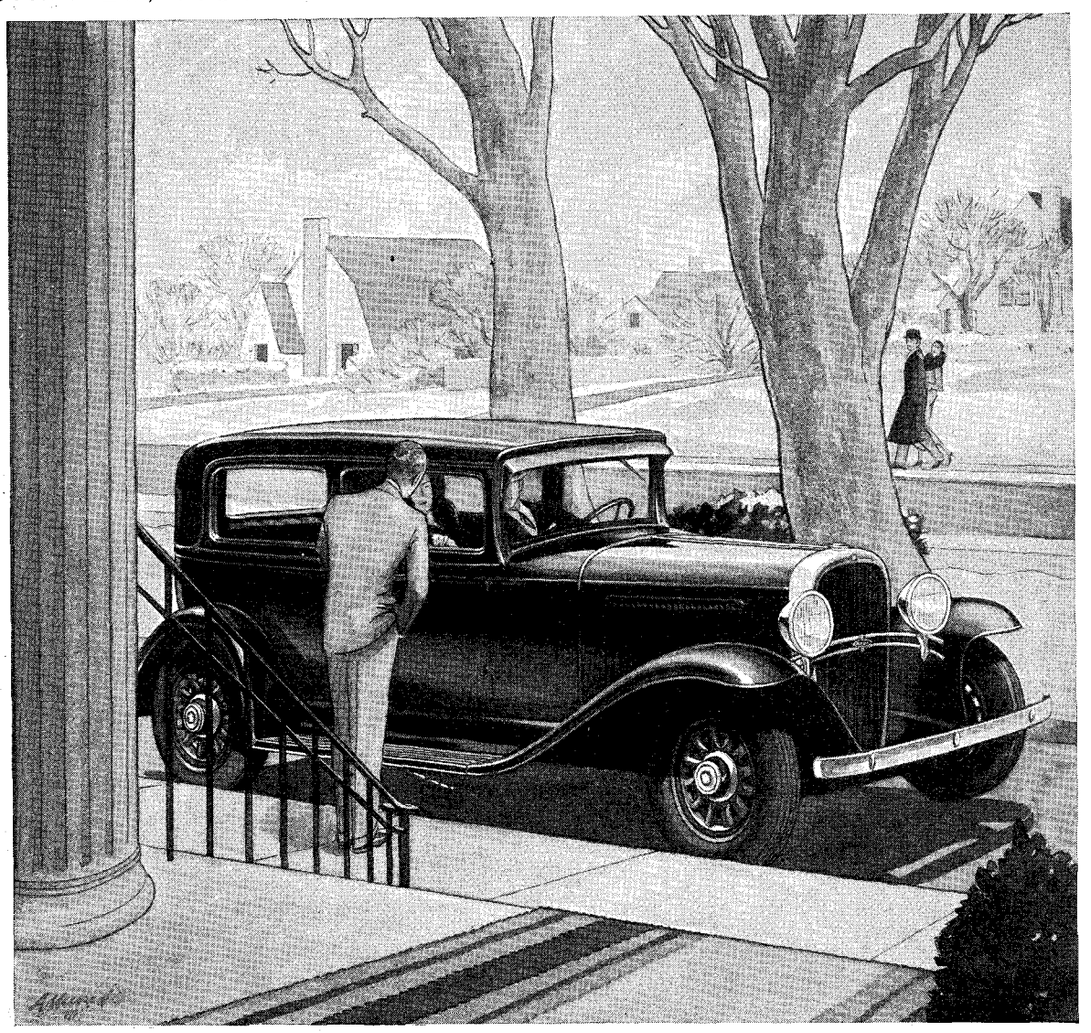

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flower. Accompanied by poignant music of Mr. Chaplin's own composition, the two exchange meaningful glances, and eventually the truth dawns upon the girl. Gratefulness for his assistance, which she does not understand, triumphs over a momentary sadness at this disclosure, and Charlie's face brightens into a wistful smile as the picture draws to a close.

Mr. Chaplin's acting of this little scene, says "R. G.," is "*conclusive proof of his marvelous ability to attain the heights* of tragic portrayal following the most remarkable feats of comedy. Great comedians and great tragedians are rare enough as separate entities, but a man who can combine the art of both is a genius of the highest order." As to the movie versus talkie issue, "R. G." declares:

Relation of this non-dialog film to the talkies is definitely secondary. The talkies are here to stay, because they offer the motion-picture additional resources with which to work.

And there is only one Chaplin. No other American screen actor could appear in a silent picture to-day with such striking results.

Dialog is a realistic device. Human beings do not swallow whistles and emit hilariously funny sounds at unpropitious moments in real life—as Mr. Chaplin does in one episode in the present film.

The important thing in "City Lights" is that Mr. Chaplin has selected those sounds for recording which aid in developing his comic ideas. For instance, he swallows the whistle at a party which is just about to be entertained by a bombastic singer. The singer's voice is represented by strains from a violin, but the whistle is recorded realistically as it emanates, most unrealistically, from the embarrassed tramp's oral cavity.

Mr. Chaplin's choice of Virginia Cherrill for the rôle of the beautiful blind girl is unimpeachable. Miss Cherrill plays her part perfectly, and without her capable assistance the brilliant finale would have been impossible.

She Can't See Her Gallant Suitor

As Chaplin "has a larger following than any other living actor, and is therefore a reflection of the spirit of the age," the New York *Daily News* celebrates his latest achievement in an editorial, from which we quote:

He thumbs his nose—using a thumb that does not belong to him—at pomposities and shams. Yet he tacitly admits that pomposity and sham are somehow necessary in this world, sometimes.

He brings you to the edge of a good cry in a beautifully pathetic interview with the blind girl, then lets the girl snap you out of it by unloading a bucket of cold water in Charlie's face.

He giggles through his tears, sobs through his giggles; and you go along with him.

Well, that's what we like nowadays.

The ancient Greeks felt that their emotions could be completely stirred up and refreshed only by the bitterest tragedy. True drama, to them, used as its raw materials only the fiercest and most terrible human emotions and acts—terror, hatred, jealousy, incest, murder.

And the play had to end unhappily with practically all the characters dead, or it wasn't true drama. The Greeks appreciated satire and comedy, but they reverenced tragedy.

That standard of drama has passed from the popular mind in these times. The only Greek play revival to make money in years was a howling sex satire.

About the much-discust aspect of "City Lights" as the last stand of the silent films against the talkies, we noticed one interesting thing. Charlie uses sound effects throughout. Early in the picture he kids the talkies by means of the sound effects in a most amusing way.

But when this writer saw the picture, the crowd gave its biggest laugh to Charlie's attack of whistling burps. Charlie couldn't have sprung that sequence without the help of the apparatus that makes the movies talk. So who gets the last laugh, Charlie or the talkies?

Controversy aside, tho, this is a movie that you shouldn't miss unless you're opposed to laughing, and don't like to have your more serious emotions worked on. Better try it anyway; it may give you a new point of view.

When Joffre and His Neighbors Chatted at the Barber's

TWICE a week a stout, sturdy, old gentleman with a florid face, kindly eyes, and an enormous white mustache entered the barber shop of Mr. Louis, at 7 rue de la Republique, Saint-Germain-en-Laye.

"*Bon jour, messieurs,*" he would say as he entered.

"*Bon jour, M'sieu le Marechal,*" would be the response, as the newcomer modestly took his place with the waiting customers.

Marshal Joffre was among his neighbors, on terms of simplicity and equality. Every Tuesday and Friday he came over with his daughter-in-law from his property at Louveciennes, and while she was doing the marketing, he came to Mr. Louis for a shave.

No reporter was ever admitted to Louveciennes, or ever succeeded in extorting a word from the victor of the Marne. But among his good neighbors at the barber's, Joffre was free of speech.

It was the good fortune of Pierre von Paassen to be there on one such occasion, and he gives us in the New York *Evening World* the flavor of the talk that passed under the razor and the scissors. Thus:

"How are you feeling, sir?" the barber asked Joffre while he soaped the face of Mr. Alphonse d'Or, the coal merchant.

"If the legs were as solid as the head, I'd have no kick," replied the Marshal, and he complained of rheumatism.

We looked at the illustrious soldier in the mirror. This was a year ago. His features were already drawn. But the countenance exprest utmost calm and serenity.

"Monsieur the Marshal," spoke up d'Or, the coal merchant, from under the lather, "what books must one read on the war?"

"Well," said Joffre, "there are a lot of them. I like best 'The Battle of Jutland,' by the German Captain, Von Hasse, and then there is 'Under the Eyes of the Goddess,' by Dr. Grintet. It's not bad at all. Of course there is also the 'Memorial' of Foch that's just out!"

"Foch didn't like Clemenceau," spoke up the coiffeur.

"He had his reasons," replied Marshal Joffre. "Military men and politicians seldom understand one another."

"Tell me, Monsieur the Marshal," the irrepressible d'Or said again, "do you ever think of that battle of the Marne?"

"Sure, I think of it, sometimes," said Joffre. "If I had listened to Gallieni there would have been a battle much earlier."

"Anyway, it's you who won it," said the barber.

"Don't say that," came back Joffre. "You should say 'von Kluck lost the battle,' that's all."

"Monsieur the Marshal, do you believe there will be a new war?" spoke up one of the barber's assistants.

He did not answer.

"Tell me," he said, "what are they putting up the illuminations for on the Town Hall?"

"M. Poincaré will be here to-morrow!" somebody replied.

"Poincaré? Sapristi! What does he want here?"

"A speech and a dinner, Monsieur the Marshal!"

"Ah," said Joffre, "the speech I don't know, but the dinner is wasted on him. He doesn't know Chablis from pump-water!"

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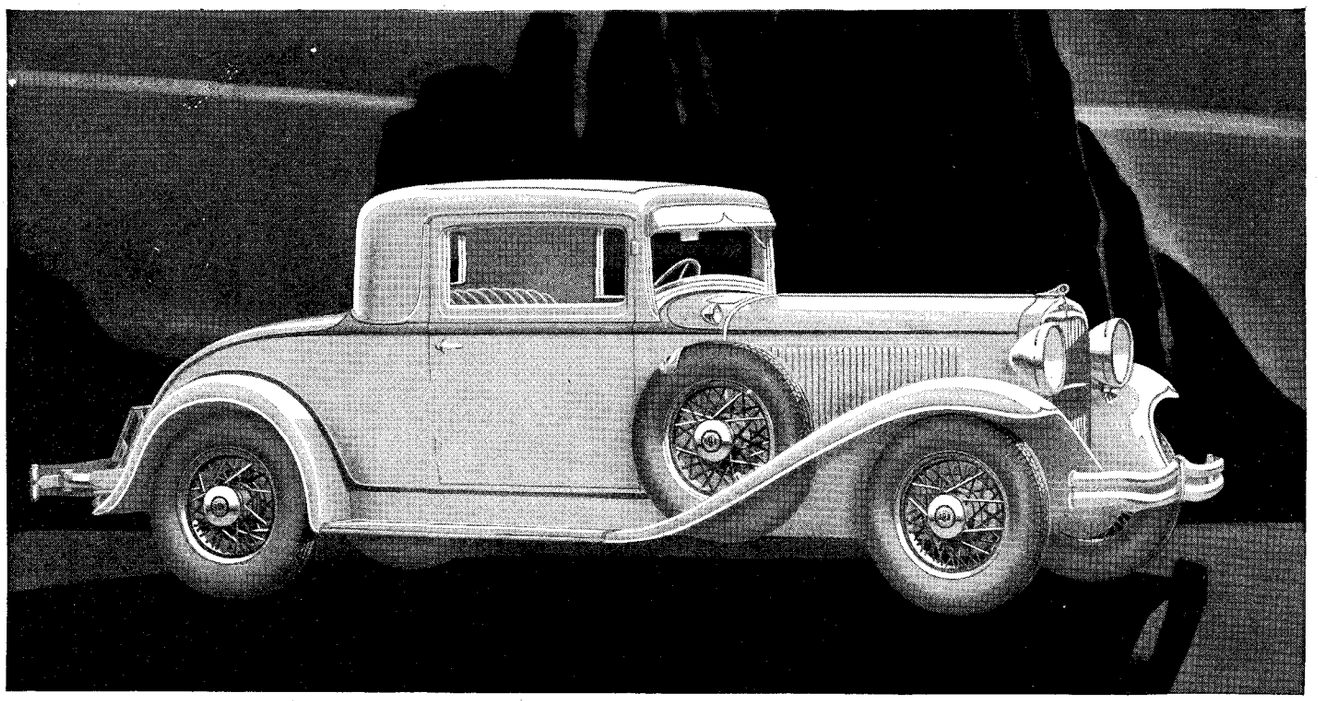

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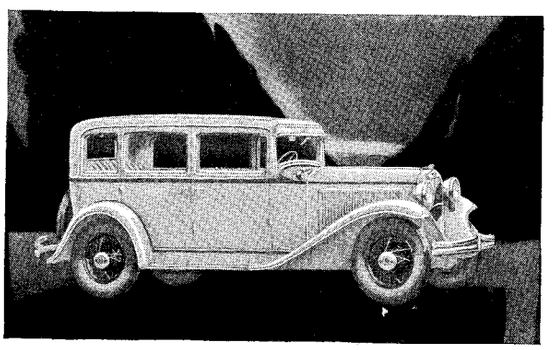

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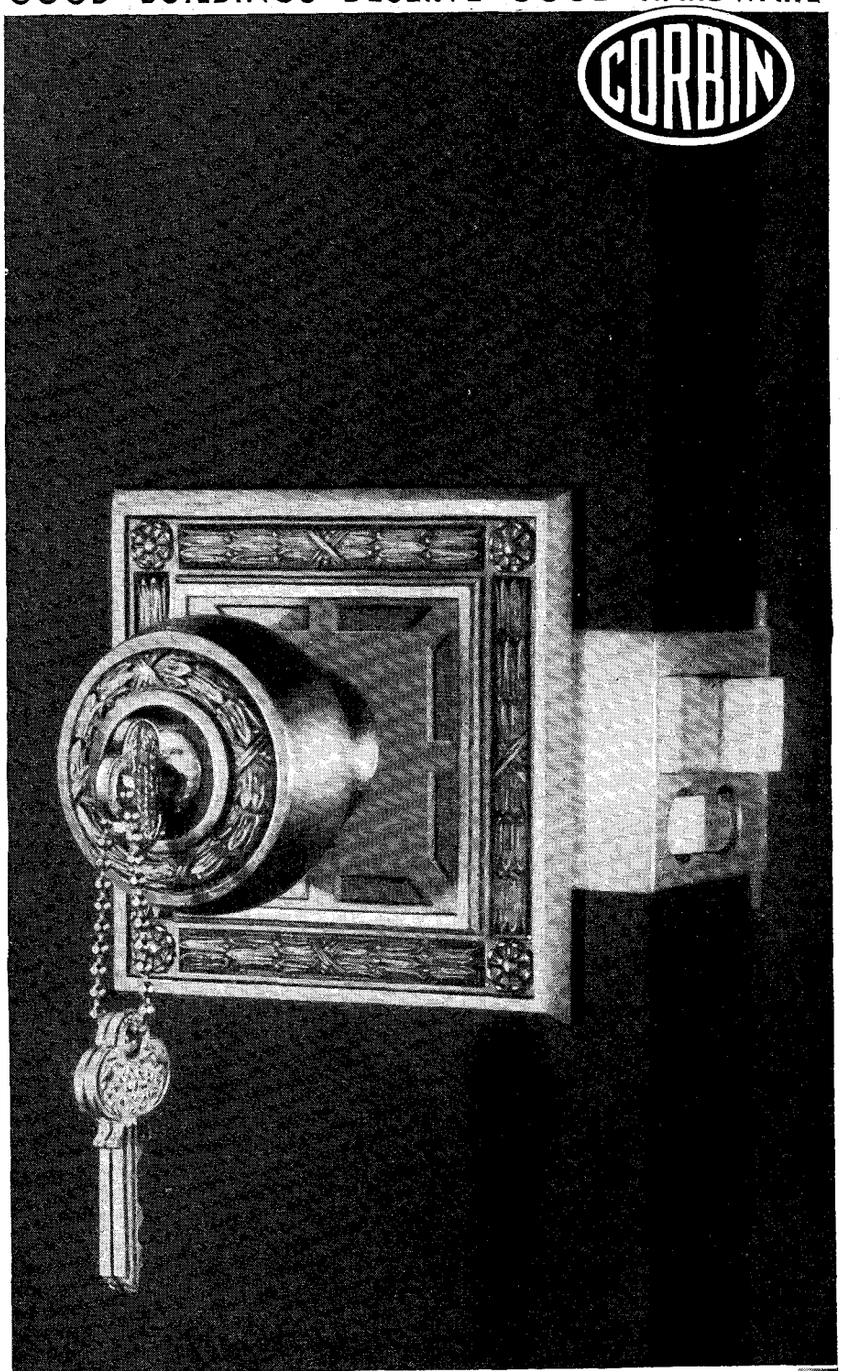

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Polo in the Corn Belt

THE dirt-farmer of Wakarusa has added "the polo pony to his list of domestic animals, and the willow mallet to the category of agricultural instruments."

In a word, an Associated Press dispatch from Topeka tells us, "the polo fever is sweeping the broad Wakarusa meadows like the old-time prairie fire"; and the dominance of barnyard golf, or horseshoes, is threatened.

The appearance of ponies among the Percherons, and clubs among the cultivators, was a gesture toward recreational rather than economic relief, the Associated Press tells us as its story runs on:

It has given rise to the Wakarusa Polo Club, complete with constitution and by-laws.

Already the sport's influence on the community's life has been felt.

Such words as "chukker" and "handicap" are bandied across the barbed wire to the confusion of the heretofore conventional conversation about fall plowing.

Hands toughened shaping the nation's haystacks find ready expression in the sweeping strokes of the mallet.

The Wakarusans for decades have raised cattle, and are born to the saddle.

Their fleet, tough, native cow-ponies are by training and instinct quick at maneuver, descended, cattlemen say, from beasts forming the caravans of Pottawatomies and other old-time Indian prairie prowlers.

Both inspiration and competition for the embryonic Hitchcocks of the hayfields has been furnished by a group of World War veterans and Regular Army officers now connected with the National Guard.

When Doctors Dine, It's Their Own Good Luck

DINNERS for doctors depend largely—too largely—on luck. Get a member of the profession comfortably seated at the table and set an appetizing meal before him—and it's dollars to doughnuts that some urgent patient will desire his presence before dessert is served.

Probably Mrs. H. W. Carter, wife of a Washington, North Carolina, physician, knew this all along. But if she didn't, she does now.

Not long ago, says an Associated Press dispatch from Washington, "she invited several of Dr. Carter's fellow practitioners to dinner." Reading on:

While the guests were awaiting the summons to the dining-room, the telephone rang. It was an emergency call for Dr. DeWitt Kluttz, and he grabbed his hat.

Two minutes later Dr. P. A. Nicholson was called to the 'phone. He disappeared in the wake of Dr. Kluttz.

Just as dinner was served, a call for Dr. D. T. Taylor, and before the oyster cocktails had been finished, Dr. E. W. Larkin also had to leave.

"Well," began Mrs. Carter.

Just then the telephone rang again.

Dr. Carter answered, seized his hat, and rushed out of the door.

Mrs. Carter finished the dinner in solitary state.

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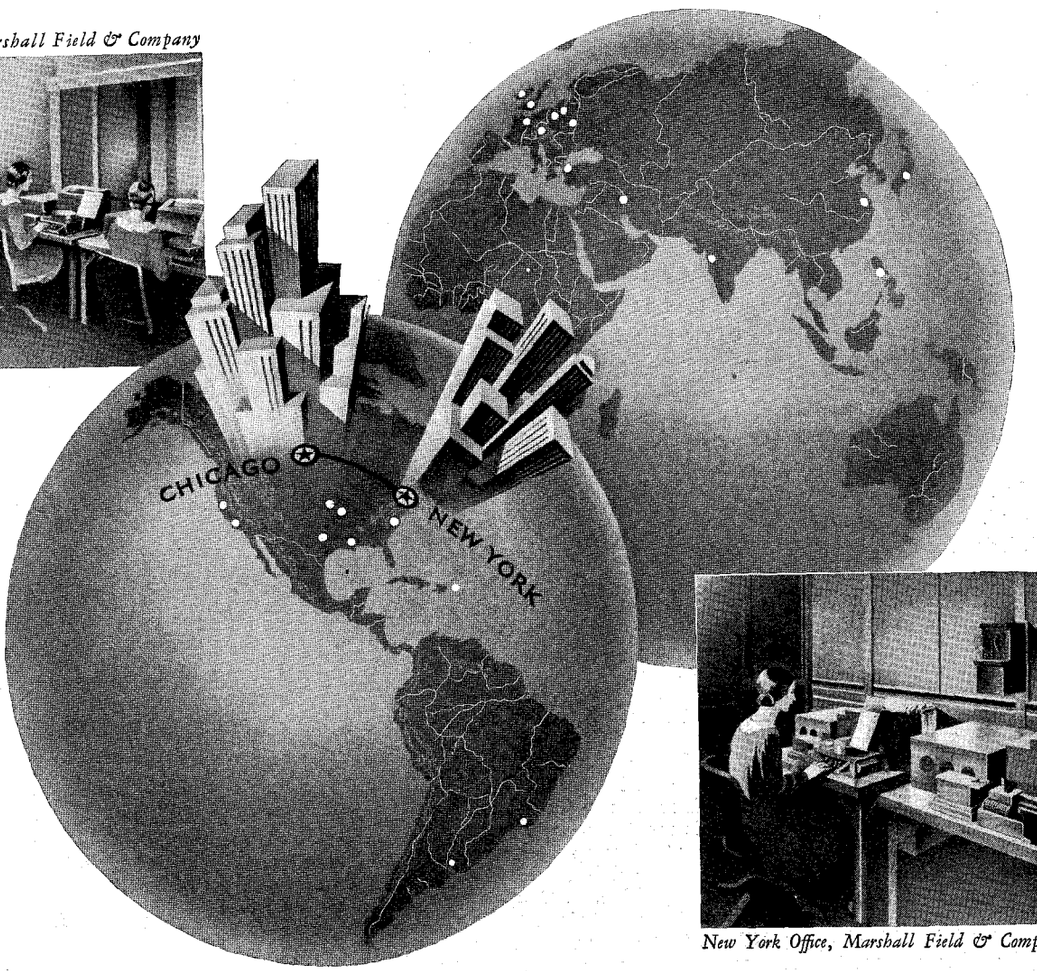

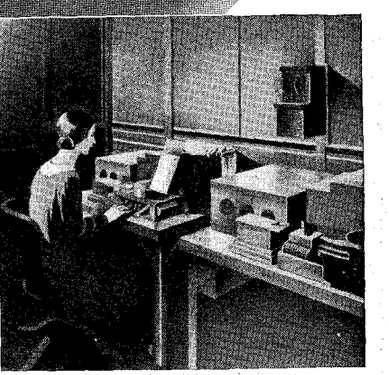

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Defending Honest Abe Against Debunkers

A SMALL-TIME POLITICIAN—a demagog, insincere, given to duplicity and censurable methods, a cold usurper, a social climber, a third-rate lawyer—has so captured the imagination of the American people that (ironic circumstance!) he is regarded with almost religious veneration.

Do you recognize the pen picture? No? It is hardly surprizing, for it is supposed to represent Abraham Lincoln, but in such guise as his admirers have never before imagined him.

Edgar Lee Masters, who fluttered the literary dove-cotes sixteen years ago with his free-verse volume, "Spoon River Anthology," does the presenting in "Lincoln the Man" (Dodd, Mead).

The book, strictly of the debunking variety ("It is the most bitter attack on Lincoln that has been made since the days of Secession," says Harry Hansen in the New York *World*), has provoked such a storm of editorial denunciation as is seldom witnessed. But Mr. Masters should have expected that, for, as H. G. Eckenrode writes in the New York *Sun*, "a religion has grown up about American history centering in Abraham Lincoln." The extent of what, on this basis, we must call Mr. Masters's impiety, may best be judged from this summary made by Mr. Hansen in his *World* column:

It tears the public idol limb from limb; robs the young man of honesty of purpose, the budding lawyer of candor and truth, the President of greatness.

It describes Lincoln as never honestly loving any woman, but misrepresenting and procrastinating; it shows him as a crafty politician playing fast and loose with his friends to further his ambitions clandestinely; it questions his mental integrity, accuses him of using the arts of the demagog to sidestep a political issue placed squarely before him, declares him defeated by the superior mental wisdom and astuteness of Stephen A. Douglas; it calls him hypocritical in suppressing the details of his mother's birth, lest it injure his chances; declares that in his well-known melancholy "it was not that he was grieving for the injustices of the world, for man's inhumanity to man, but because he could not endure defeat, he could not stand the pangs of obscurity and rejection, and these feelings were made the more bitter by the envy that makes inequity of honors bestowed on others and not on one's self."

ALTHO the Boston *Herald*, along with many another paper, assures Lincoln admirers that the book will do no damage to their idol's fame, the volume has called forth a bumper crop of indignation. Hurrying through a sheaf of clippings, we find such expressions as these:

"Unmitigated bad taste and scurrilous conduct."

"Lincoln belongs to the ages, Edgar Lee Masters, in this instance, to but a fleeting and nasty moment."

"It is far too late in the day for any small confectioner of acidulated antisocial epigrams to attempt the destruction of the fame of Abraham Lincoln."

"Another dirt thrower."

"Too much rotten literature."

"Authors, like garbage contractors, must eat."

"A cheap bid for publicity."

A somewhat amusing circumstance comes to light in connection with the reactions in Springfield, Lincoln's home town, where Mr. Masters is well known. Mr. Masters's family has long lived in Springfield, and he spent many years in the vicinity.

His "Spoon River Anthology," our readers will recall, was a collection of imaginary epitaphs of a distinctly unsympathetic variety. But one, for Ann Rutledge, Lincoln's sweetheart, was an exception. It was tender in treatment, and has long been regarded as a tribute to Lincoln and Ann.

In fact, this verse is carved on her tombstone. But now, we read in an Associated Press dispatch from Springfield, there is talk of chiseling the lines away, for in "Lincoln the Man," Mr. Masters argues that Lincoln and Ann Rutledge were never lovers.

Nothing is likely to come of this, however, for, the dispatch continues, "no one knows who would have the authority to remove the lines."

Comment in the Springfield papers has been for the most part hostile to the book. In *The Illinois State Register*, for example, we read:

Literary commercialism has fallen to new low levels with the attempt of Edgar Lee Masters, of "Spoon River Anthology" fame, to gather in a few dollars for his new book by slandering Abraham Lincoln.

Whatever is done now in recognition of Masters's defamatory utterances about Lincoln will only give the muck-raking writer that additional advertisement which he sought by his commercial sensationalism. There may be a timely word of warning in that suggestion.

There is this gratifying reaction to Masters's defamation.

He has hurt only himself.

Lincoln needs no defense.

Criticism only intensifies popular affection for him.

Others have sought to use his name and fame for advertising purposes. They have been used too frequently to promote selfish, partizan, and political ambitions.

We are thus reminded now that we must revere Lincoln with added sanctity. This latest abuse will accomplish good if it awakens all of us, as it should, to our duty to give expression to our love for Lincoln by applying to our lives the ideals of human service which governed his career and assure for him immortality.

In *The Illinois State Journal*, however, David V. Felts suggests that:

Before setting upon Masters, it might be well to read the book.

Indignation has been aroused by particularly iconoclastic passages that have been plucked from the context of the book and published throughout the land to stimulate sales.

While Springfield folk condemn Mr. Masters for besmirching the accepted picture of Springfield's most famous citizen, we must remember that Springfield folk have been guilty of humanizing Lincoln to a degree not understood in other parts of the world. I have been told various little stories about Lincoln, stories that are sympathetic when related by the elders who got the stories first hand, but which would seem rather in poor taste if printed in black and white.

Springfield knew Lincoln intimately, so intimately that Springfield folk talk of him familiarly, and with none of the awe attending mention of his name in distant places.

Many of the little stories are told around town and Lincoln's stature is not lessened by the repetition.

Perhaps Springfield resentment of the Masters's book is heightened by a kind of jealousy that the world at large will know little things that have been regarded here as neighborhood gossip. But before crucifying Masters, read his book and follow the theme of his argument.

BUT, presumably replying to the foregoing comment, V. Y. Dallman exclaims in *The State Register:*

One lone writer condones Edgar Lee Masters's shower of over-ripe verbal eggs directed at Abraham Lincoln!

Bah! And a couple of bahs!

In an inexcusable, indefensible, sensational 500-page array of foul-tongued slander, the "Spoon River Anthologist" supplies everything to offend, and leaves nothing to defend!

Be it said to the honor of the literary world, Masters's muck is almost universally received with ridicule or disgust!

No! It could only have been written by a literary politician whose mind is warped by commercialism and sensationalism, and who would stoop to gather in a few shekels by attacking Abraham Lincoln and Christianity, which are synonymous!

The lone writer condoning Masters's masterpiece of muck suggests that we read the whole book!

We did, and were reminded of the time a lot of us Springfield kids were playing banter leader down near the mouth of the old town sewer!

The leader went in and came out holding his nose and gasping for breath!

"Go on in, youse big cowards," he muttered between gasps, "youse wont notice it so much if youse stay long enough and holds your nose and don't breathe!"

Continuing the attack on the book, a bill was introduced into Congress to bar it from the mails. Historians, for the most part,

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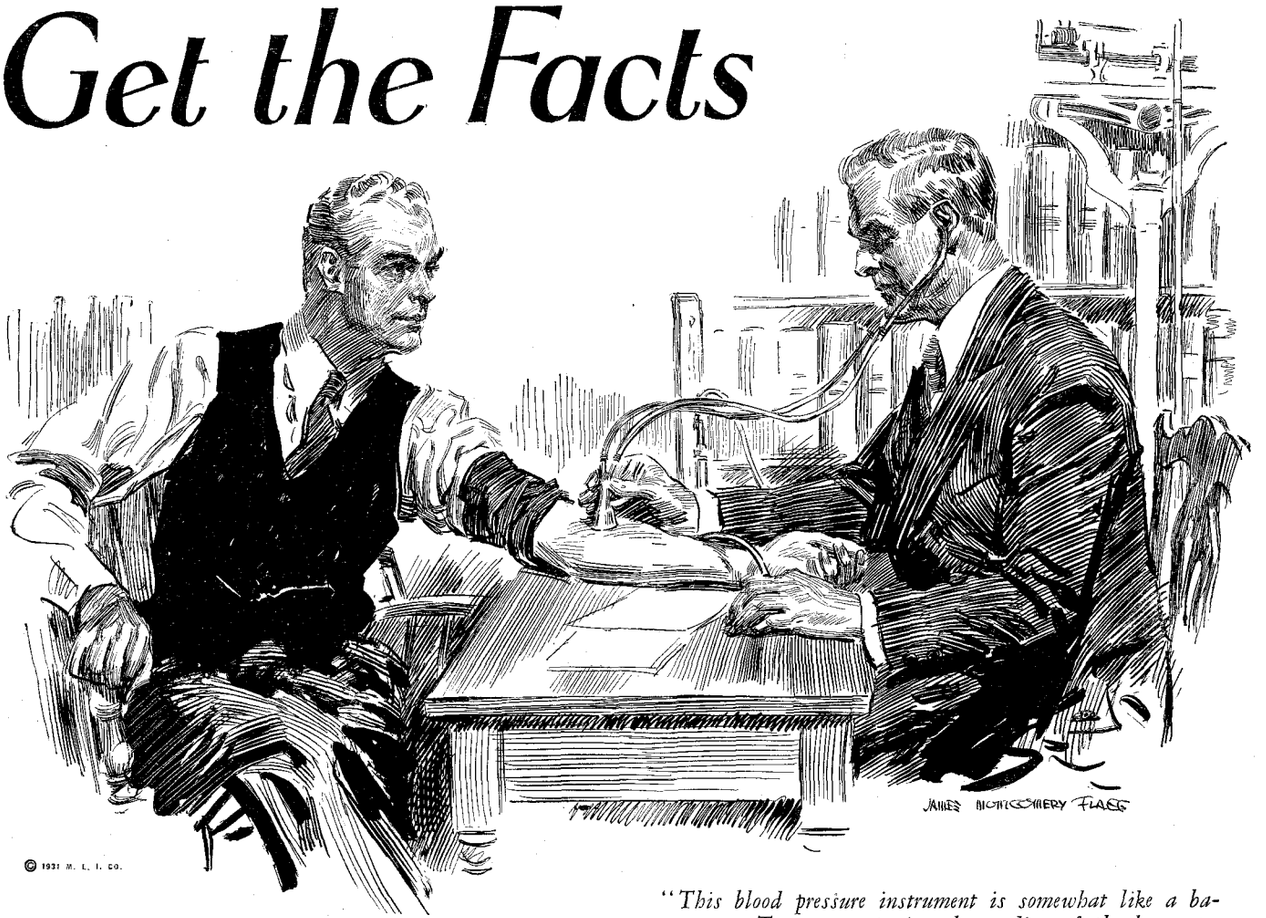
Get the Facts

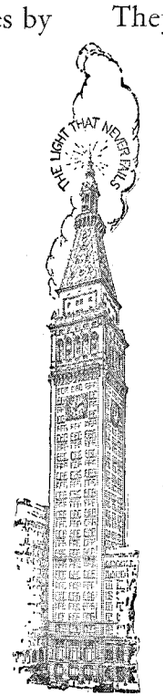


"This blood pressure instrument is somewhat like a barometer. To a sea-captain, the reading of the barometer indicates storms or fair weather ahead. To me, a reading of your blood pressure indicates easy or labored heart action."

FAULTY blood pressure may be caused by focal infections anywhere in the body, by poisoning from the left-overs of previous infectious diseases, sometimes by overweight or overwork or continued high nervous tension in either working or living conditions. But it may be caused by something more obscure. Worry, fear, anger, hate are frequently responsible for high blood pressure.

Your own blood pressure varies many points during the course of the day. In the normal person these variations are within reasonable limits. Often high blood pressure can be brought back to normal by finding and removing the cause. But sometimes it is not possible or even desirable to reduce it. Then comes a time when a change must be made in diet and physical activities if the overworked heart is to have a fair chance to carry on.

There are thousands of men and women today who are active even though their blood pressure registers many points above normal. They have learned how to regulate their lives.



If you haven't had a reading of your blood pressure within a year it is not safe to assume that it is the same as it was last year or two or three years ago. Faulty blood pressure is not like a rash or a cough that immediately makes itself known.

Blood pressure can and sometimes does steadily mount, month after month, giving no indication by pain or trouble in breathing. But when it is abnormal, doctors of experience regard it as a grave warning calling for prompt action.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "Give Your Heart a Chance," which describes high blood pressure. Ask for Booklet 331-L which will be mailed free.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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have been adverse in their comments. Emanuel Hertz, a New York authority on the Civil War President, said, as quoted in *The Sun*, that the book "can not be explained or excused from any standpoint, and might best be judged from Mr. Masters's indictment of John Brown as a horse thief and murderer. One can not read it without thinking of 'Spoon River Anthology.' The dead do not talk back. This is the hugest libel that has yet been uttered against Lincoln."

An Associated Press dispatch from Detroit reports:

> Stephen I. Gilchrist, director of the Henry B. Joy Foundation for Historical Research, attacked Edgar Lee Masters for his treatment of Abraham Lincoln in his recent work, "Lincoln, the Man."
>
> Gilchrist said Masters's book was "neither more nor less than a rewrite of William H. Herndon's myths and maledictions about and upon Lincoln." Herndon was Lincoln's law partner when the Civil War President was practising in Springfield, Illinois.
>
> Gilchrist said the Henry B. Joy Foundation has a large collection of Lincoln data and that the material found in Masters's work is all duplicated in that part of the Joy collection labeled "disproved."

AND in the New York *Telegram*, Ida Tarbell, herself a writer on Lincoln, is quoted as saying:

> My estimate of Lincoln has grown steadily the more I have known of him, but I agreed with what Mr. Masters said in that he deplores what he calls the Lincoln myth.
>
> I deplore any effort to set him up as a hero
>
> I think his value was that he was a man who met life with courage, with determination to understand the problem he undertook to solve.
>
> Of course, his mind wasn't trained as we of to-day understand the trained mind. He had to work his problems out slowly.
>
> But he did have the fidelity to stick to the conclusions which he had understood to be right—the moral character to stick by them.
>
> To present him as a man who never made a mistake, a miracle worker, to invest him with any kind of halo, other than one for getting at the truth of the situations in which he found himself, is wrong. He struggled to think rightly, and he squared up his conclusions and his actions with what he thought.
>
> He was a politician, of course.
>
> He was in political life.
>
> He was working with men.
>
> And he had the ability to work with them, to cooperate with all classes. That is, as I see him. Mr. Masters sees him differently, and I shall be interested in knowing why.
>
> I think the book may do Lincoln a lot of good.
>
> It's as man, not as hero, that he interests me. I believe his moral integrity is unquestioned, and I think we can still go on calling him "Honest Abe."

IN his book column in the New York *Herald Tribune*, Lewis Gannett joins the objectors with the complaint that Mr. Masters, instead of debunking Lincoln, has rebunked him. His new picture of Lincoln, this writer continues, "is as false as the idol that he knocks off the pedestal; his story is as full of sheer poetry and heroic moralizing as John Drinkwater's or Carl Sandburg's enrapt lives of Lincoln. Mr. Masters, too, has a spotless hero, Stephen A. Douglas, and his hordes of angels are the soldiers of the Confederacy."

BIOGRAPHY is becoming the industry of writing a book to prove that an eminent person was really a bad egg, says the Boston *Globe*, attempting to explain the mania for debunking thus:

> These men and women of memorable lives, we are to understand, were no better than you or I; or not so good. They merely had a screw loose.
>
> Thus we learn that Balzac had a "money psychosis," Tolstoy was a "satanist," Charlotte Brontë suffered from "paternal dominations," Emily Dickinson ditto, George Washington was "a stuffed shirt," and Sappho and Hugo Wolf were "quite impossible persons!"
>
> What amazing conclusions to arrive at!
>
> It is only a trifling matter of 2,400 years that exceptional talent has been known to be explainable through lack in some other quarter. Genius always has a slate off. That is what makes it what it is. Perfectly normal people are perfectly satisfied with things as they are. They should worry! Nothing is itching them. But around the corner lives some one who got left out; and, as Colas Breugnon remarks, "The spirit creates that which it lacks."
>
> The plight of an age which can not believe in heroic endeavor is the immemorial predicament of the liar. For the penalty of the liar is not that he is not believed. He often is believed. The penalty of the liar is that he can not believe anybody else. Thus it is that an age which sneers at the kind of electrical fluid which poured through vital personalities in the past is under the suspicion that it lacks juice of its own.

CITING cases in which persons of genius have been beset by difficulties, *The Globe* proceeds to show us how such hindrances have been turned to good account:

> The deaf Beethoven surpasses his fellow composers who can hear; the disfigured Michelangelo paints and sculptures an Olympia of ideally beautiful heroic youth.
>
> Nothing would be easier than to write dispraising "lives" of the two foremost nineteenth-century English novelists to prove that George Eliot's whole work was colored by her false social position as an unwed wife, and that George Meredith's novels repeatedly reflect his chagrin at having been born a tailor's son. But when you have done that, what have you done? The point is not what was suffered, but what was achieved. Had Meredith been born in Buffalo no one would have cared whether his father was a tailor or a hod-carrier; had George Eliot and Mr. Lewes lived under the laws of the United States in 1931 their marriage could have been made quite legal and correct, and nobody would have given it another thought.
>
> When Dame Nature finds a mettled steed you will notice that she is at pains to insert a bur under the saddle. What kind of bur it is does not much matter. What does matter is that the bur be there to make the steed go.

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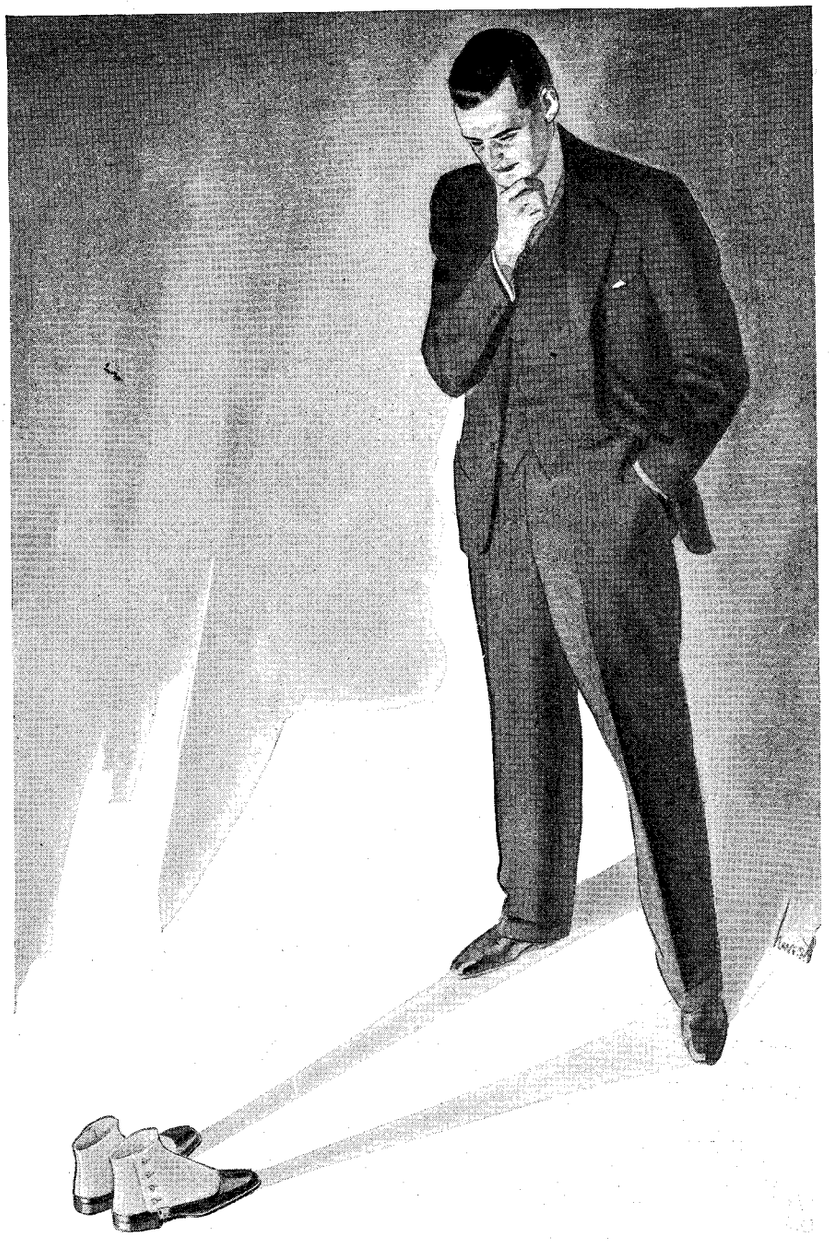

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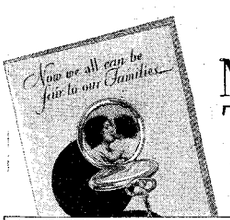

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NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

Hush! It's Uncle Sam's "Mystery" Plane

SOME whispered that it folded up like an opera-hat. Others swore that it came apart like a burglar's jimmy.

All that Navy aircraft officials at a recent trial flight would say was "Hush! Hush!"

The reason for all the official secrecy and anxiety is called in question by newspaper reporters, among others a New York *World* man, who tells us that Grover C. Loening's new one-man flying-boat, "a collapsible airplane designed to serve submarines in somewhat the same rôle played by the pilot-fish to the shark, was further flight-tested at Glenn H. Curtiss Airport, North Beach, amid rather obvious attempts to make a 'mystery ship' of it and much shush-shushing by a Navy inspector who was on the scene.

"The latter even went so far as to take the names of photographers who made pictures of the craft in an effort to suppress their publication as revealing 'military secrets.'" And the writer adds shrewdly:

Just what revolutionary aeronautical development might be revealed by such photographs was not apparent to disinterested flyers and others who inspected the little ship.

Nor was it quite clear why these alleged secrets might not have been picked up at first hand by some expert representative of a foreign Government without the necessity of studying them in a picture.

FROM *The Herald Tribune* we learn that the little monoplane's speed is "slightly under" 100 miles an hour, altho it is "so small that it can be battened down onto the deck of a submarine." Further, it was "built to capitalize on one of the significant American victories at the London Naval Air Conference, which authorized the equipping of submarines with airplanes, if and when the feat was proved to be within the powers of aeronautical engineers."

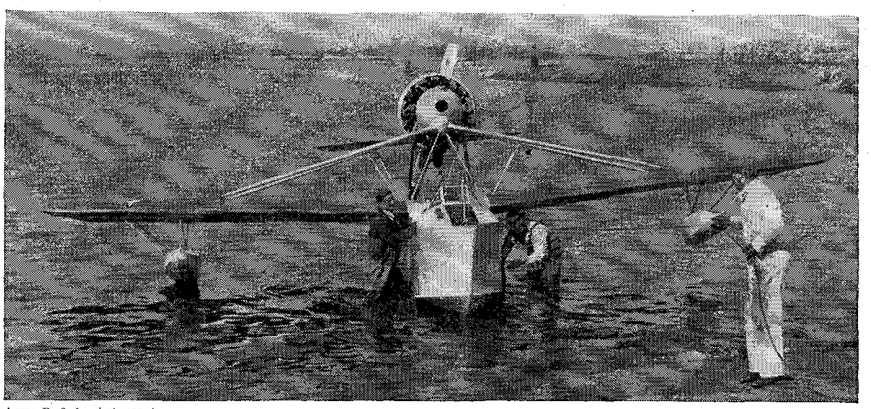
After recording the energetic official efforts to keep the tests secret, and to shoo photographers and spectators "away from the seaplane ramp of the airport whenever the new mystery ship was towed in for servicing," *The Herald Tribune* tells us:

Grover Loening, designer and builder of the craft under an experimental contract from the United States Navy, referred all inquiries to Washington.

The plane was flown for the builder by Budd Gillis. The test showed that it has a structural strength for a full-power dive at better than forty-five miles an hour.

The gross weight of the craft with full military load is 1,560 pounds. It has a wing-span of thirty-one feet and an over-all length of forty-nine feet.

The hull width of the tiny seaplane, which is equipped with wing-floats, is three feet. The high speed of the plane was calculated in the preliminary engineering data at 103 miles an hour, but the test flights as unofficially clocked yesterday showed that the allowance made for struts holding up the semicantilever wing had been correct, and that the best top speed was slightly under 100 miles an hour.



Acme-P & A. photograph

Like a Sea Hawk in the Service of a Whale

The wings of the plane do not fold as was stated in the first published reports of the plane's structure, but are quickly detachable. The engine mount, which is fitted with a modification of the Townsend ring, and drives a pusher propeller, folds down onto the fuselage, which has another hinge forward of the tail assembly.

The wings and propeller are constructed to fit into one tank-turret mount of a submarine, while the collapsed and folded fuselage fits into another, larger tank on a submarine deck.

The builder's claim is that the assembly can be completed in three minutes.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY of the Navy Ingalls in quoted in a *Times* dispatch from Washington as saying that the Loening plane in its tests had met with the requirements of the Navy Department. Further:

"The idea is not new, but it appears to be the first time we have found a plane to fill the requirements," Mr. Ingalls said.

"It is the purpose of the Navy," he continued, "to put as many airplanes as possible on all types of ships, and if we can equip our submarine craft with them we will have greater offensive and defensive units."

It is understood that several designers submitted plans. The Loening design was accepted, and the experimental plane was ordered several months ago.

Altho it was designed purely as a scouting plane, the little plane will carry enough armament to conduct an offensive against water craft which it may discover while on patrol flights. Radio equipment for the plane is being tested.

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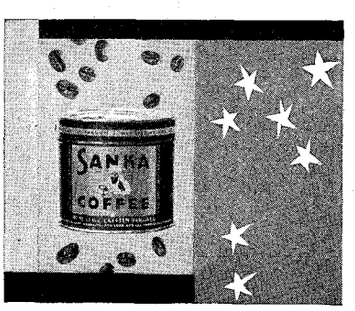

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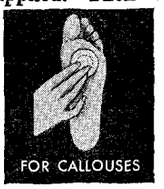

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Electric-laboratory research has resulted in the construction of an almost perfect vacuum, in which an electric arc leaps across between two metal electrodes.

The resulting flame is of a heat that has never before been measured on this planet.

This flame, we are told in *Current Science* (Columbus, Ohio), is even many times hotter than the sun itself. We read:

How are temperatures measured after thermometers have reached their tops? Mercury, the metal of most thermometers, boils at 675 degrees Fahrenheit, so it soon becomes unreliable as things warm up.

The devices for measuring high temperatures are of great variety. The pottery-makers use small clay cones with different amounts of sand in them, which begin to bend over at definite temperatures. They range from 1,004 degrees Fahrenheit to 3,362 degrees Fahrenheit.

The thermocouple—two wires of different metals twisted together, generating an electric current when the joint is heated—is quite accurate for temperatures around 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. There is also a method of matching the red glow in a furnace with the color of an electrically heated wire that gives fairly close results.

None of these methods, however, can give any reliable figures on the degrees of temperature in a flaming electric spark. An entirely new plan had to be worked out by Dr. J. Slepian and Dr. Ragnar Tanberg, of the Westinghouse Electric Research Laboratories. From the flashing arc the molecules of the metal electrodes fly away.

They have been torn from their rods by the smashing power of the electrons in the current. With tremendous speed they dash upward, and, in the glass tubes above, it is possible to measure their velocity. The hotter the arc, the faster and farther will the metal be thrown.

Elaborate calculations lead the Westinghouse scientists to announce that 900,000 degrees Fahrenheit have registered on their "thermometer."

NEARLY one million degrees is really hot, remarks the *Current Science* writer, continuing:

Our flaming sun is at approximately 10,000 degrees of temperature. The atmospheres of most stars, according to the computations of astronomical physicists, range in temperature from 6,000 degrees to 14,000 degrees.

Inside of stars the heat rises to 200,000 degrees in the thinner, larger, stars to 50,000,000 degrees in the smaller ones. According to a few computations, the unbelievable temperature of 500,000,000 degrees is actually reached in the dense interiors of the heavy stars!

Is there a limit to heat? There is, indeed, a lower limit, for −459.4 degrees Fahrenheit is the complete absence of heat—Absolute Zero. We may have been taught that things could become as hot as hot could be—and there is indeed plenty of heat at the top. According to the most recent computations, however, a temperature of 4,000,000,000,000 (four trillion) degrees Fahrenheit would cause the annihilation, or complete destruction, of all matter. May it never get so hot!

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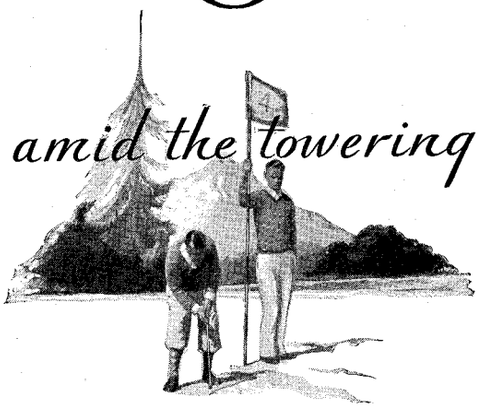
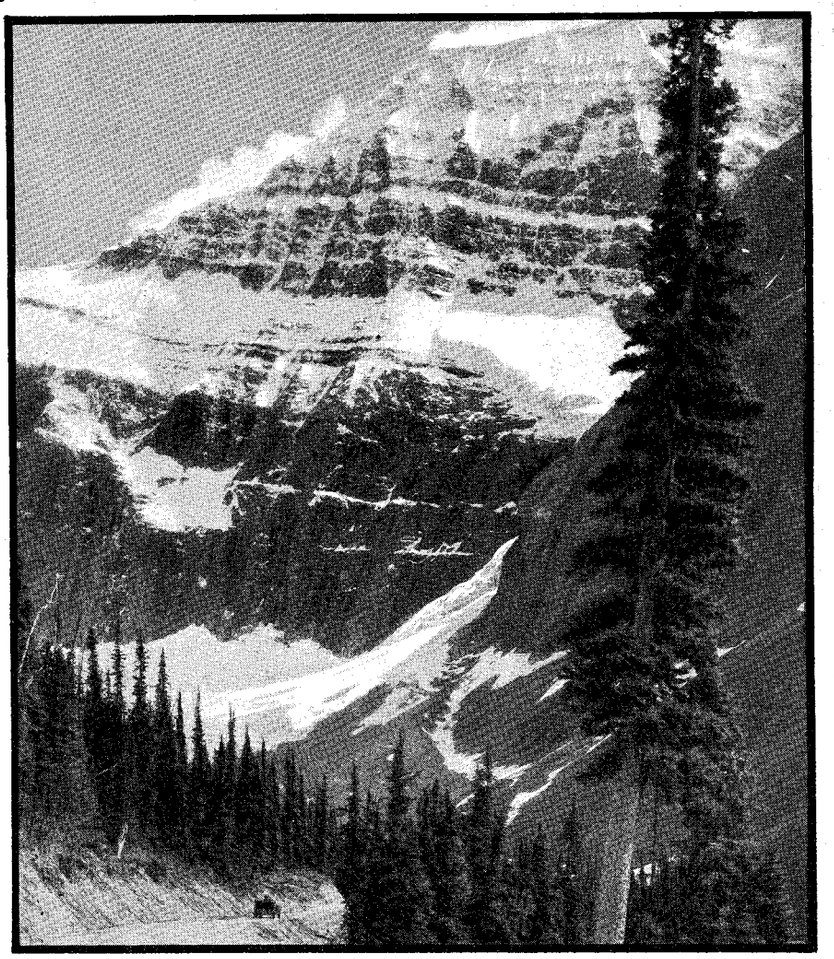
JASPER National Park

Sports at their best amid the towering peaks of the Canadian Rockies





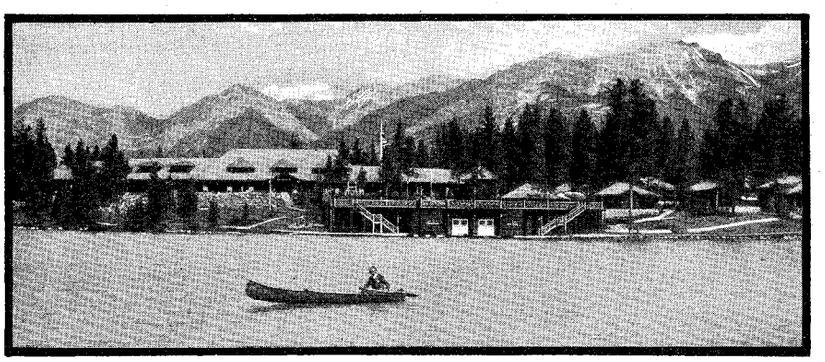
"KEEP your eye on the ball," says the pro. And yet how can you?—when rising on all sides of the golf course is the scenic majesty of the mightiest mountains on the continent.

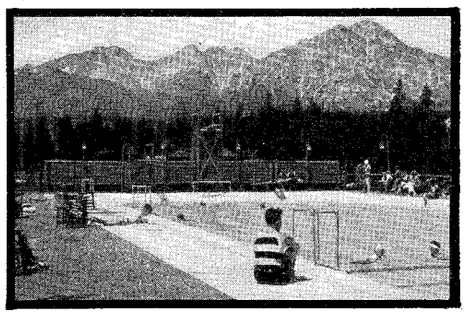
It is surprising, perhaps, to find one of the finest championship courses in the entire world tucked away here in the very heart of the Canadian Rockies. Yet it is only one of the surprises that make a vacation at Jasper Park Lodge the high spot of all the summers you can remember.

Here is swimming in a warmed outdoor pool with snow-capped peaks for a background. Trail riding or motoring where every turn reveals new splendors . . . mountain-climbing, with or without Swiss guides . . . every sport you can desire!

Come to Jasper for your vacation this summer. The lodge offers you every possible luxury. Meals that give added inspiration to Rocky Mountain appetites. Delightful rooms or your own completely equipped cabin in the pine woods. Write for booklets and complete information.

Canadian National takes you everywhere in Canada. It operates its own steamship lines, telegraph and express services and a chain of 14 broadcasting stations. Its hotels, lodges and camps stretch from one end of Canada to the other. *Free, a preview of a Jasper Park vacation!* Showings of Canadian travel films may be arranged at any of the offices below.





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Accounting for Those Signs of Spring in the Stock Market

WHEN THE STOCK MARKET makes the first page—on news of an advance—the Wall Street writers set busily to work to tell the country just what it means. For, while we may or may not like it, it is a fact, declares B. C. Forbes in the New York *American*, "that cheerfulness in Wall Street has a stimulating influence on industry, on business, on agricultural prices, on practically the whole nation; and depression in Wall Street has equally wide-spread influence."

It is reasonable enough in the light of past experience, writes Alexander Dana Noyes, financial editor of the New York *Times*, "that importance should be attached at times like this to a sustained forward movement on the Stock Exchange." This, he explains, "is not because an emphatic rise in Wall Street always indicates a coming turn for the better in trade and industry," but because of the fact "that no prolonged movement of business recovery has ever occurred without being foreshadowed, first tentatively and then emphatically, by rising prices on the stock exchange."

With stocks in mid-February up 20 per cent. from the December low prices as compared with the 1930 highs or 12½ per cent. up toward the 1929 top, and with several days of heavy buying, there are naturally two ways of looking at it. It may be the beginning of the end of the bear market, or it may be, in the words of *The Annalist*, "a temporary flurry."

The market isn't always right, observes Paul Willard Garrett, financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, taking a judicial attitude. As he puts it: "A conclusion that business is once more starting upward may be warranted, but it is not warranted on the ground simply that the market is rising." "Good reasons can be advanced for putting faith in the implications of a rising market in stocks, and good grounds may be cited for distrusting them," continues Mr. Garrett. For instance, we are told, one school of thought in Wall Street pins its faith on facts like these:

(a) This depression has run longer than did the depression of 1921, and longer than any in recent history;
(b) Extreme liquidation of brokers' loans put the market in an enviable position technically;
(c) Yields available from common stocks not only have been restored to their normal relation with bond yields but match favorably the depression yields of previous eras;
(d) Evidence is at hand of a distinct slackening in the rate of business decline, and
(e) With a modification in plans for bonus legislation, the ground is cleared for an improving bond market.

THEN the pessimists in the Street, Mr. Garrett goes on, call attention to faith-destroying factors like these:

(a) Evidence is lacking in the visibles of any marked improvement in business;
(b) The prospect of unfavorable early 1931 corporate earnings reports;
(c) Continued irregularity in the commodity markets;
(d) Inability on the part of leaders to name any major industry in a conspicuous position to lead the recovery, and
(e) The absence of strong leadership in high places.

Early Spring?
—Kirby in the New York "World."

Why Mr. Average Borrower Doesn't Get the Low Rates

HERE IS A CHANCE to answer some of our subscribers who have written to ask how they can take advantage of the very low Federal Reserve Bank rediscount rates.

To put it very bluntly, they can't.

The New York Reserve Bank lowers its rate by successive steps from 6 to 2 per cent. during the course of the year. And yet, as Harry A. Farr individualizes the situation for us in *The American Bankers Association Journal*, here is John Harlow of New York State still paying his bank 6 per cent. for money, and his brother Bill in Texas borrowing money from his bank and paying 9 per cent. interest.

How is this? Well, explains Mr. Farr, the case is a good deal like that of the baker who finds the price of wheat cut in half. Can he cut the price of his loaf of bread in half? By no means. The cost of wheat is only a small part of the cost of the bread, and there has been no change in the wages the baker pays to his workers, the taxes he pays, rent, fuel, yeast, sugar, milk, eggs, and other items.

And so, continues the writer in the *American Bankers Association Journal*, "if the rediscount rate of the New York Federal Reserve Bank drops from 6 per cent. to 2 per cent. in the course of a year, it does not mean that the member bank's costs drop 66⅔ per cent. and that it can, therefore, accommodate its clients at substantially reduced rates."

In the next place, we read:

There are more than nineteen chances out of twenty that the banks with which Bill and John Harlow do business owe no money whatsoever to their respective reserve banks, and have no occasion to borrow any at the present time.

Even at the height of the speculative boom in 1929 barely 5 per cent. of the member banks were in debt to their reserve banks at any one time. The last report of the Federal Reserve Board shows member-bank borrowings a little more than $200,000,000, as compared to member-bank investments and loans to their clients in excess of $35,000,000,000.

The borrowings of these banks at the widely heralded low rediscount rates can account for exactly fifty-seven hundredths of one per cent. of the credit they in turn extend to their clients.

THEN take the question of the part the cost of credit plays in the total expense of running the bank. According to Mr. Farr's figures, over the twelve-year period, 1918-1929, interest and discount on borrowed money accounted for only 4.47 per cent. of the total cost of doing business on the part of our national banks. On this basis a reduction of the rediscount rate to half its normal level would cut banking expenses only about 2 per cent. If we take the period 1927-1929, excluding the war and after-war years, we find the cost of borrowed money for the national banks to be only 2.27 per cent. And this would mean a still greater reduction in the effect of changes in the rediscount rate. So, concludes Mr. Farr:

Of the six major costs of banking, this particular item is the least important.

It would be just as reasonable to expect a restaurant to reduce

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The Partnership of POWER

THE electric light and power investment, or holding, companies which have made possible the extension of adequate electric service to thousands of small towns have done more than build a mere physical base for the electrification of farms.

By making small community electrification commercially successful, they have established a business foundation for farm electrification. For the farmer to link his farmstead to a financially feeble power system would be as futile as to connect farms to a physically weak and inadequate power plant isolated in a small town.

When farm power is supplied from a generating and transmission system which is commercially successful, the farmer virtually becomes a partner on the power side of his business with all the users of power supplied by the system—industrial, commercial and domestic.

This kind of participation in power facilities is one of the reasons for America's industrial progress.

Manufacturing industries have been enabled either to junk their old power plants or to construct factories without installing equipment for generating power. This has reduced the capital required in manufacturing, made industry more mobile and freed it from the economic rent saddled upon the factory when its location is determined by access to coal supplies or water for steam generation.

In like manner, when the farm is linked into the power system of adjacent cities and towns — systems organized to reap every economy possible from pooling the power supply of a great number of consumers — the farmer's capital costs are reduced.

The electric power supply tapped by the farmer never stands idle while interest charges march on. It eats no feed while waiting in the barn.

When the farmer is using power from the plant of a large operating company, able to finance itself in the leading money markets of the world through its affiliation with a public utility investment company, he is paying much less for that part of the capital used in his business than he has to pay when he provides power units by the use of his own resources and credit.

The fact that farm electrification made no headway during the long years in which isolated plants of low capacity served the majority of small towns is eloquent of the importance of the so-called holding company to the farmer desirous of electric service.

* * * *

Provision of power supply to small communities and to rural America on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities and to more than seventy thousand farms in thirty states.

*The history of empowered agriculture in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "*HARVESTS AND HIGHLINES,*" which the Middle West Utilities Company (*20 *North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois*) will send upon request.*

MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

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A MESSAGE
to Business Men

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But with growth there usually comes a time when you need the advice and co-operation of an investment banker, one who has had experience in underwriting and distributing securities.

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WADC, Akron; WGST, Atlanta; WGR, Buffalo; WMAQ, Chicago; WHK, Cleveland (ex. Tues.); KRLD (ex. Mon., Tues., Thur.) and WRR (ex. Wed., Fri., Sat.), Dallas; WXYZ, Detroit; WOWO (ex. Mon., Tues., Wed., Thur.) and WGL (ex. Fri., Sat.), Fort Wayne; KMBC, Kansas City; WREC, Memphis; WCCO, Minneapolis; WDSU, New Orleans; KFJF, Oklahoma City; KOIL, Omaha —Council Bluffs; KMOX, St. Louis; WFBL, Syracuse· WSPD, Toledo.

the price of egg sandwiches because the market in salt has collapsed, as to call upon our banks to cut lending rates because the central bank has dropt its rediscount rate.

It may be seen that the greater part of a bank's costs are subject to conditions over which the bank has little control. This is particularly true of taxes, salaries, and wages, and interest on deposits. Net losses to a certain extent are a function of management, but there is little that able direction can do to mitigate losses when distress on a broad scale afflicts a community.

If the borrower in Texas is indignant because he must pay 9 per cent. when his brother in the Empire State pays only 6, with both banks dependent upon the same central bank, he should remember that banking conditions in the two States are entirely different.

Losses are notably heavier in the South than in the Northeast. The territory served is poorer, and the banks, relative to population and the amount of business available, are more numerous, thus increasing the burden of overhead.

THE questions Mr. Farr has been answering have been occurring to many rural borrowers. For instance, one subscriber writes to *The Rural New Yorker*, to find out why a farmer has to pay 6 per cent. for loans while others can be accommodated at a lower rate. The editor of *The Rural New Yorker* answers in part:

Banks of deposit have large sums of money on checking accounts all the time. It is subject to call any minute of the day.

The bank must loan a large part of it to draw interest and make a profit, and at the same time it must be in a position to get it back if a large number of customers reduce or withdraw their accounts. Real-estate mortgages run one, three, five and often ten years or more.

To keep his money "liquid" or moving in and out, the banker makes notes for thirty,, sixty or ninety days. A real-estate mortgage is what bankers call frozen credits, and because they are not attractive to bankers, the interest rates are higher.

Would Our Speculators Like a Lottery?

WHAT this country needs is not a good five-cent cigar, but a semi-annual lottery," remarks *Advertising and Selling's* columnist.

The observation, of course, is not meant too seriously, but there is a thoughtful idea behind it. As we read:

I am convinced that if the populace was given an opportunity to indulge its propensity for playing chances, and the peculiar excitement that goes with any form of mass gambling, it would for a few dollars twice a year gain in harmless fashion the satisfaction that it now buys so dearly in the form of Wall Street speculation.

The excitement of a national lottery would provide an even greater thrill than playing the market now affords, and it would be possible to get this thrill for a few dollars per capita per year, and without so seriously disturbing our economic equilibrium and causing so much unemployment and financial distress.

So put me down as in favor of calling a special session of Congress at any time to pass a bill legalizing and sponsoring a twice-a-year national lottery.

SUPERB TRAVEL BOOKS

By E. M. Newman

(*Newman Traveltalks Lecturer*)

Seeing Spain and Morocco

Strange Oriental sights of Moslem Morocco; of Tangier and Fez and Marakesh—Spain by way of Gibraltar and Cadiz—thru Ronda to Seville with its excited Holy Week throngs—fascinating places and things indeed. 300 illustrations from original photographs.

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A rare treat is in store for those who will travel with Mr. Newman, via this book, all over England, Scotland and Wales. Except London, which is to have a volume by itself, almost every town and locality of note in Great Britain figures at least briefly in these pages. 293 beautiful half-tone illustrations.

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Our Billion-Dollar Industries

THAT there are sixteen industries in this country, each producing an annual output worth more than a billion dollars, is a striking fact gleaned by *The Manufacturers Record* (Baltimore) from 1930 census returns.

Six of these industries, indeed, produce more than two billion apiece, and three of them come in the three-billion-dollar class.

It is no surprize to find the motor industry in the lead, and, indeed, if the classification included manufacture of bodies and parts, the aggregate output would run over five billion dollars. *The Manufacturers Record* gives the figures for the sixteen leaders, on the basis of 1929 production, as follows:

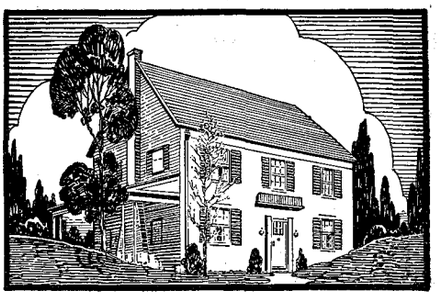
	Number of Establishments	*Value of Products*	*Rank*
Motor-vehicles, not including motor-cycles	242	$3,717,997,000	1
Meat packing	1,244	3,394,673,000	2
Iron and steel works and rolling mills	485	3,356,894,000	3
Foundry and machine-shop products	8,524	2,751,679,000	4
Petroleum refining	375	2,611,681,000	5
Electrical machinery	1,798	2,273,654,000	6
Newspaper and periodical printing	11,426	1,719,879,000	7
Women's clothing	7,978	1,678,496,000	8
Motor-vehicle bodies and motor-vehicle parts	1,158	1,545,399,000	9
Bread and bakery products	20,482	1,510,265,000	10
Cotton goods	1,259	1,502,998,000	11
Lumber	12,483	1,275,612,000	12
Railroads and steam-car repair shops	1,812	1,181,541,000	13
Cigars and cigarets	1,654	1,068,222,000	14
Flour and grain-mill products	3,873	1,034,526,000	15
Book printing and publishing	12,657	1,000,635,000	16

Besides these there are seventeen industries in the half-billion-dollar class, the five leaders being very close to the billion-dollar mark. *The Manufacturers Record* lists these:

Industry	*Value of Products*
Paper manufacturing	$954,000,000
Boots and Shoes	953,000,000
Furniture	940,000,000
Copper smelting and refining	932,000,000
Non-ferrous metals	908,000,000
Men's clothing	834,000,000
Knit goods	807,000,000
Rubber tires	776,000,000
Iron and steel, blast furnaces	773,000,000
Canning and preserving	742,000,000
Chemicals	725,000,000
Silk and rayon	701,000,000
Butter	700,000,000
Planing-mill products	554,000,000
Manufactured gas	519,000,000
Worsted goods	515,000,000
Cane-sugar refining	507,000,000

We get some even larger figures when we contemplate general industrial groups as put together by the Census Bureau. The lead here is taken by the manufacture of food and kindred products with a total of $11,138,000,000. Then, according to *The Manufacturers Record:*

Textiles and their products are second in the general group classification, with a production of $8,873,000,000, while iron and steel works, blast furnaces, and metal manufacturing, as reported under the general census classification of iron and steel and their products, show an output of $6,979,000,000. Following closely the iron and steel group is the transportation group of industries, including motor-vehicles, cars, locomotives, aircraft, and ships, with a combined production of $6,013,000,000.



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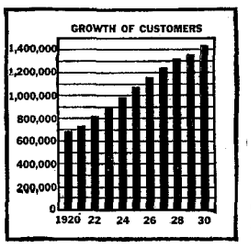

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

All Clear.—"Waiter, this fish is awful! Why did you insist I should order it?"

"Because otherwise, monsieur, it would have been served to us in the kitchen."—*L'Illustration (Paris).*

Dad Knows.—SMALL BOY—"What is college bred, pop?"

POP (with son in college)—"They make college bread, my boy, from the flour of youth and the dough of old age."—*West Pointer.*

He Stoops to Conquer.—COME-TO-GRIEF AIRMAN—"I was trying to make a record."

FARMER—"Well, you've made it. You be the first man in these parts who climbed down a tree without having to climb up it first."—*Passing Show.*

Grand Opera for Florists.—"A headache tablet dissolved in a vase of water," says a woman's page item, "will make wilted flowers brace right up."

"That's nothing," writes old Ben Hibbs. "Put the flowers in a quart of bootleg and they will burst into song."—*Quoted by the Boston Transcript.*

Road to Glory.—"How do you like your new publicity agent?" asked the film star's friend.

"Oh, he's wonderful," she cried, beaming with enthusiasm. "We've been robbed twice, our house has been burned, our car has been wrecked, and I have had my life threatened by an anonymous enemy since we employed him."—*Calgary Albertan.*

Putting It Politely.—"I've got a pretty distasteful job before me," remarked the genealogist. "Mrs. Newrich employed me to look up her family-tree, and I've got to inform her that one of her relatives was electrocuted."

"Why worry about that?" said his friend. "Just write that the man in question 'occupied the chair of applied electricity at one of our public institutions.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

All Explained.—

When Venus vamped Adonis—tried to
string him as her beau—
He grabbed his hat and left her flat; a-hunting he would go.
A wild, wild boar bore down on him, and
with his dying breath
This clever youth cried, "Ve, forsooth, I'm
simply bored to death!"
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Giving Providence a Dirty Look.—An old farmer was complaining bitterly to the minister of the terribly bad weather for the crops, when the latter reminded him that he had much to be grateful for, all the same.

"And remember," said the good man, "Providence cares for all. Even the birds of the air are fed each day."

"Aye," replied the farmer, darkly, "off my corn."—*Glasgow Herald.*

Safety First.—"I saw the doctor you told me to see."

"Did you tell him I sent you?"

"Yes, I did."

"What did he say?"

"He asked me to pay in advance."—*Capper's Weekly.*

Wanted, a Pasteboard Bus.—HUSBAND—"I have brought you this beautiful string of pearls for your birthday, darling."

WIFE—"But you knew I wanted a motor-car."

HUSBAND—"I know, dearest, but I have tried everywhere and can't get an imitation car."—*Passing Show.*

Hustling Foreman: "Is that the Labor Exchange? Send us round two bricklayers, quick!"
—"The Passing Show" (London).

Might Hose It.—Down in Texas the short cotton crop forced a large number of country negroes to the cities. One of them applied for a job at the office of an employment agency.

"There's a job at the Eagle Laundry," said the man behind the desk. "Want it?"

The applicant shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Tell you how it is, boss," he said finally, "I sure does want a job mighty bad, but de fack is I ain't never washed a eagle."—*The Open Road.*

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"—"And what if the engine stalls when we're away up in the clouds?" asked the young lady of the pilot as she was about to enter a flying-machine for her first trip.

"Well, if that should happen," replied the pilot, "you just leap out, count ten and then pull the cord on your parachute."

"But what if it doesn't open up?" she asked anxiously.

"In that case the only logical thing to do is to flap your arms up and down and say 'I'm a bird—I'm a bird.'"—*Pathfinder.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Save the Peel.—Why go elsewhere to be skinned? Come to us.—*Burlington (Kan.) paper.*

Pass the Swatter.—
FAMILY OF 4 FLIES
TO VISIT HOOVER
—*Buffalo Evening News.*

So Now You Know.—The office of the Lost and Found Department of the Westwood high school will be open for the inspection of articles that resemble the rightful owners which will be determined by their identity.—*North Bergen (N. J.) paper.*

Where's the Anti-Slavery Society?—For Sale—Female settler, four years old, well trained, price $50.—*Lake County (Fla.) circular.*

Friendly Game of Tag.—Sherman was shot, stabbed, kicked, and beaten into insensibility in the furious melée, but was not seriously hurt.—*New York World.*

13—16=1 Einstein Problem.—Sixteen pitchers are included in the 13 players the New York Yankees will take to St. Petersburg, Florida, for spring training.—*Atlantic City (N. J.) paper.*

Strong Medicine.—Both Dr. and Mrs. Elwood Worcester were feeling better today after having been knocked down by an automobile.—*Boston Transcript.*

SKULL CRUSHED,
BOY BETTER
—*Omaha World-Herald.*

One Grand Time.—Mr. and Mrs. J. E. S——and children left Sunday for Wichita, where they will take treatments for his ears, and the family will enjoy the show.—*Follett (Tex.) paper.*

Are We Downhearted?—
Preacher on Sunday next,
Rev. ——.
"Don't worry; it may never happen."
—*Out-door church notice reported by the New York Christian Advocate.*

Slips That Rise from the Grave.—The Montpelier ——, whose proofs aren't always one hundred per cent. perfect, probably heard from its latest break. In speaking of the part taken by the up-and-coming musical organization of the Capital city in the recent Boston Legion parade, it referred to the "Montpelier rum and bugle corps." Reminds us of the faux pas made by a speaker in the old time who, in presenting an orator on Memorial day, eulogized him as "that battle-scared hero," and, trying to correct himself, changed it to "that bottle-scarred hero."—*Randolph Herald.*

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

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agreeable or agreeably to.—"R. E. H.," Ogdensburg, N. Y.—We *comply with* a person's requests, requirements, or conditions, and may use "*in conformity with*," or "*agreeably with* your request." If, however, "in accordance with" is preferred, there is no reason why it should not be used, or "agreeable to," if that be preferred. We find in "The Fair Maid of Perth," that Sir Walter Scott wrote: "The Lord entered *agreeable to* the Prince's summons." In this particular sense, *agreeable to* means "in a manner answering to; in accordance with; in conformity with," but *agreeable* in such connotation is an adjective, and *agreeably* in the other connotation is an adverb.

Canada.—"E. L.," Long Island City, N. Y.—*Canada* is a self-governing dominion in the British family of nations, and has a Governor-General as representative of the King of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and the Dominions beyond the Seas.

economics is or are.—"M. H.," Jenners, Pa.—When the term *economics* was first introduced four hundred years ago, it was construed with a verb in the singular. Since then it has been used in the singular or the plural, according to the intention in the mind or the whim of the writer.

free from or of.—"J. O. L., "Pittsburgh, Pa.—The word *free* has been construed with *from* or *of* from early times. As long ago as 1230, "free *from*" was used in English literature, but Shakespeare used "free *of*" in "The Winter's Tale," act i, scene 2, in 1611. The correct preposition to follow depends entirely on the thought to be expressed.

impact, impacted.—"M. A. S.," Los Angeles, Calif.—The past tense of *impact* is *impacted*. It has been in the language for more than three centuries, and in use by the medical profession for that length of time. It was used by Salmon in his edition of Doron's "Medicine," in 1683; in Gibson's "Farrier's Dispensatory," in 1720; and in Allbutt's "System of Medicine," published in 1897. It has been found in general literature in Holland's "Pliny," issued in 1601; in Blair's article in "Philological Transactions," written in 1709; in Kane's "Arctic Exploration," published in 1856.

(1) Mona Lisa; (2) pinkie.—"K. P.," Dayton, Ohio.—(1) *Mona Lisa* is the title of a portrait of *La Gioconda*, the wife of Francesco del Gioconda of Florence. It was painted by Leonardo da Vinci about the year 1500. The word *Mona* is a contraction of *Madonna*, and when used in conjunction with a family name means the same as *Madam, Dame*, or *Mistress*, in the good sense of the last word. *Lisa* is the given name of the lady whose name in full was Lisa di Antonio Maria di Noldo Gherardina.

(2) The word *pinkie* is from provincial English or Scotch dialect in either of which *pinkie* means "small." It has been applied not only to the fingers but also to the eyes, when designating some one with small eyes. It is explained as a contraction of *pinkeny*, formed from *pink-nye*, in which the *pink* means "small and narrow," and the *nye* is the equivalent of *ye* for *eye*. It has been hazarded that *pinkie nye* was originally child's speech, taken over by fond nurses and brought down to us as an expression of endearment. In 1612 the form *pinkanies* was used for a plural. There may be some relation between the *pickaninny* and *pinkanie*, but etymologists claim that *piccaninny* is a corruption of the Cuban *piquinini*, from the Portuguese *pequenino*. The earliest note that we have on the use of *pinkenies* dates from the middle of the sixteenth century; while the use of *pickaninny* is said to date from the middle of the seventeenth century.

money, monies.—"N. R. B.," Montgomery, Ala.—The plural of *money* has been formed by the addition of an "s" since 1382. It was so spelled by Wyclif in his translation of the Bible, and continued in use up to 1734, when an unknown translator of Rollin's *Ancient History* introduced the form *monies*. The latter did not find favor with the public. The form *moneys* may be found in Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, and other literary lights too numerous to mention.

non-losable, non-loseable.—"E. J.," Dayton, Ohio.—American usage favors *non-losable;* whereas English usage prefers *non-loseable*.

romance.—"A. J. W.," Selma, Ala.—This word is correctly pronounced *ro-mans'*—the *a* being given the sound of *a* in *man*. In the blank verse of the Chaucerian and Late Middle English period, however, the stress was put usually on the first syllable, *ro'mans*, but that was five hundred years ago, before the word was Anglicized, and when the *a* was given the sound we give to *o* when pronouncing the word "not."

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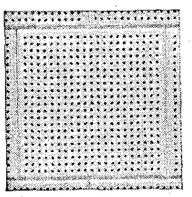

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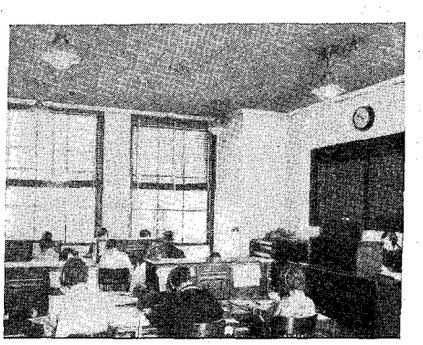

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